

THE  
SATURDAY  
REVIEW

No. 3816. Vol. 146.

15 December 1928

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER]

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

ELSEWHERE our Medical Correspondent makes a survey of the King's illness. On Wednesday evening His Majesty underwent an operation for the removal of fluid from the right side of the chest, the result of which, and His Majesty's subsequent condition, was satisfactory up to the time of writing. It was a favourable sign that the infection had again become localized and the noxious fluid drained off, as also that the patient was strong enough to withstand the effects of an anæsthetic. But anxiety must continue for many days. The King has now been gravely ill for more than three weeks, and the strain on his system, to which the shock of the operation, necessary as it was, must have added, has been so severe for a man of his age that recovery must be a slow process, accompanied for the present by deep concern. The nation has been moved by the Prince's "record"-breaking journey home and has noted with pleasure the coincidence of his return with a change for the better in his father's condition.

On the opening day of the Pan-American Conference on Arbitration and Conciliation in Washington, diplomatic relations were broken off between Bolivia and Paraguay as the result of sharp fighting in the Gran Chaco district, an almost uninhabited area, the ownership of which is disputed by the two countries. It is possible that the various attempts now being made to induce Bolivia to accept arbitration may be successful, but obviously war fever has spread like an epidemic through La Paz, and Bolivia's discontent with her present frontiers may well find an outlet in an attack on her insignificant neighbour. Both countries in the past have seen war at its worst, for within the last seventy years Bolivia has lost all her sea coast, and Paraguay has had her population reduced by a disastrous war in a manner for which it is difficult to find a precedent in modern history. Bolivia at any rate does not appear yet to have learnt her lesson.

The difficulties of arbitration are manifold, for the Argentine Republic, which stands the best chance of successful intervention, declined to send representatives to the Pan-American Conference,



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in order to show its strong disagreement with Washington's interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. The League Council has sent a carefully worded telegram to Asuncion and La Paz, but it would find itself in grave difficulties were the Government in either capital to appeal to it. This first telegram reminding them of their obligations under the League Covenant may do some good and can do no harm, but, in the event of an appeal, the Council would have either to intervene in a way which would make the United States feel that the Monroe Doctrine was being infringed, or to accept Washington's version of this Doctrine in a way which might induce several Latin-American Republics to desert Geneva. The way of the transgressor is often less hard than that of the peacemaker.

In the House of Lords on Monday Lord Hailsham made a speech on the Rhineland which was obviously intended to explain away the unfortunate impression left by Sir Austen Chamberlain's legal interpretation of Article 431 of the Versailles Treaty. He suggested that an evacuation by the British alone would not benefit the Germans and would certainly irritate the French. This is true, but if Sir Austen Chamberlain were more ready to accept the Press as representative of public opinion and less fond of lecturing it he would realize that there may shortly be an overwhelming demand in this country for the withdrawal of British troops from the Rhineland. The effect of such a withdrawal might be less unfortunate than he believes, for M. Clemenceau, at the time of the Peace Conference, made it clear that even one British battalion would satisfy him, since it would prove the occupation was an inter-Allied one. On the other hand, it might save Herr Stresemann, who is in imminent danger of being replaced by the clever but uncompromising Dr. Kaas, the new leader of the Centre Party.

In the private meetings in Lugano two important speeches unconnected with the Rhineland problem have been under discussion. At the final session of the Italian Chamber Signor Mussolini made it clear that he was shortly going to call for a considerable increase in armaments, because the other countries of the world were busy adding to their naval and military strength. This is undoubtedly a reply to the new French military budget, but presumably Signor Grandi, the Italian Foreign Under-Secretary, has been sent to Lugano to suggest to M. Briand that Signor Mussolini's bark may be worse than his bite. The second speech is M. Briand's declaration in the Chamber that the *Anschluss* between Austria and Germany, or even an attempt to bring it about, would be a threat to peace. The two countries have already a common penal code and a common railway system, and it is difficult to see how even a customs union would endanger the peace of Europe. M. Briand's attitude towards the *Anschluss* has created even more indignation in Germany than his Rhineland declarations.

On Saturday last the Italian Parliament, elected in 1924 under a law drawn up for the specific purpose of assuring a huge Fascist

majority, came to the end of its existence after "legalizing" the constitution of the Fascist Grand Council. It is long since any Opposition Deputy has ventured to speak in Montecitorio, but the Duce would prefer a Chamber every member of which had his personal approval. Therefore, at the next elections, early in 1925, those three million people who are still entitled to vote will only be allowed to say "Yes" or "No" to a list of four hundred candidates selected by the Fascist Grand Council, and the new Parliament, as Signor Mussolini himself put it amid cheers and laughter, will be allowed to criticize, but not to overthrow, the Government. Thus disappear the last vestiges of the constitutional democracy which came into being in 1870.

The Street Offences Committee has issued a useful report, the effect of which is to recommend the recognition of two offences. One of these is "importuning," an activity more marked than mere "soliciting." This offence of "importuning" should, in the view taken in the report, be provable by police evidence alone. While we recognize that some safeguard is provided by the change from "soliciting" to "importuning," we still think that the evidence of the aggrieved person should always be required. The second offence is "frequenting," for which the evidence of other than police witnesses is required. An anomaly remaining to be dealt with is that a case of homosexual importuning can be dealt with, at the option of the prosecution, by trial without a jury, though in that event the maximum punishment is lighter than when the case goes beyond the magistrate's court. But it is surely intolerable that the terrible stigma of conviction on such a charge should be fixed on any man without the concurrence of a jury. We would draw attention also to a minute by Sir Henry Fairfax-Lucy on the training of the police. "Instruction by independent persons dealing with the constitution of the police force and its bearing on present social conditions" would indeed be of value as correcting the incessant pressure of merely departmental notions of the business of the police.

Lord Cecil's Road Vehicles (Regulation) Bill received a second reading in the Lords on Wednesday, but on the understanding that it would be referred to a Royal Commission or Select Committee. This means that probably no more will be seen of it in its present form. The Bill provides, among other things, for compulsory health and skill examinations of all motor drivers, for compulsory insurance against third-party risks, for strict enforcement of speed limits and for automatic suspension of licences on conviction, for mechanical "governors" on engines to limit speed, and for power to be granted to local authorities to lay bad road surfaces (including the digging of trenches, Lord Cecil mentioned), in order to prevent excessive speed. Even those most fully alive to the growing perils of the road and the need of new legislation to protect the harried pedestrian will probably agree with Lord Londonderry, who, speaking for the Government, called this measure impracticable. If the problem



were the single one of protecting pedestrians, this Bill might be unexceptionable; but there are other important considerations, such as the avoidance of injury to a new and thriving industry, the imperative necessity of keeping traffic rapidly on the move to avoid congestion, and so on. Nor do we think the effects of Lord Cecil's proposal of trench warfare likely to be consistent with those civilized usages between disputants of which in the international sphere Lord Cecil is so admirable a champion. There is a Traffic Bill now before the country, and the better parts of Lord Cecil's Bill might perhaps, with modifications, be incorporated in that. The worst parts will be dropped.

We note that Mr. A. P. Herbert has been making his annual plea for the better use of London's river. Why his should continue to be a voice crying in the wilderness passes our comprehension; the arguments in favour of employing this beautiful and much-needed traffic-way to better advantage should be obvious enough. Some years ago a detailed practical scheme for a regular service of passenger motor-launches was drawn up and presented to the London County Council and at the time received our support. It was rejected, and since then nothing more has been heard of the project. The authorities complain of congestion on the streets and railways: here is a remedy to their hands. They complain of unemployment: here is work, in the construction of piers and the building and manning of boats, for some hundreds of workless men. It is curious and sad that while they talk despairingly of the "traffic problem" and the "unemployment problem" they do not seize such opportunities as present, not to say flaunt, themselves. Is it too much to hope that the Thames, once the pride and glory of the capital, will be rescued from becoming the historical relic which apparently the County Council would fain have it be?

In every country local beauty is the possession not merely of local inhabitants but of the whole nation. In a country so small as England, and in this era of speedy transport, no locality is entitled to indulge in even momentary forgetfulness of that truth, nor can any locality, on even the lowest view of the matter, afford to behave without regard to the æsthetic sensibilities of potential visitors. Yet there remains an undue liberty of local action. The Housing (Rural Workers) Act of 1926 obliges local authorities to submit schemes for reconstructing existing cottages to the Minister of Health when he so requires, but otherwise they may proceed at their own discretion. A recent circular from the Ministry advises local authorities to consult the panels of advisors framed by the Society for the Preservation of Rural England and the Royal Institute of British Architects. So far, so good; but we must go further. It must be made obligatory on local authorities to consult, if not in every respect to be guided by the advice of, such panels.

After their experiences at Cawnpore and other centres of political hooliganism, the members of the Simon Commission are reported to be decidedly stiffer in their attitude towards the extremists of Indian Nationalism. Without deny-

ing that Commissioners pelted with abuse and stones may feel a certain cooling of sympathy, we prefer to believe that the change in attitude is the effect of the evidence tendered by the Indian minorities and backward classes, who are sorely afraid of the consequences to themselves of a Nationalist oligarchy. Whatever the explanation, some at least of the Commissioners are now very sceptical of the practicability of further political advance. Much may yet happen, but at the moment it looks as if we might have not one report but two or even more. And it may be assumed that any serious differences of opinion between sections of the Commission would effectually discourage Parliament from legislating with a view to Home Rule for India. But if India cannot be sped forward towards self-government, she will have to be drawn back towards good government.

The Germans treat their famous men of art and literature with the honour that is their due; sometimes, perhaps, rather too solemnly, but far better and more thoroughly than we do in England. With the exception of Shakespeare, what great Englishman of the arts is made a national or local hero? In Nuremberg all last summer the memory of Dürer was fêted: besides the exhibition of his works, the streets were hung with banners and every shop-window held some reminder of his life and performance. Naturally such festivals have commercial advantages, which it might have been supposed a nation of shopkeepers would not have been slow to perceive: the ends of culture and trade are mutually served. Two more anniversaries are to be celebrated in Germany next month: the bicentenary of the birth of Lessing and the centenary of the first production of 'Faust,' and as both are connected with Brunswick, a joint festival is to be held there, with two exhibitions (one in Brunswick itself, the other in Wolfenbüttel) to be open from January to May. The celebrations are being linked up with the schools; it is proposed to make a special study of Goethe and Lessing during the year and to give their works as prizes, and school excursions to the exhibitions are being arranged. They order these things better in Germany.

Lord Gladstone's book on his father will be reviewed in these pages in the near future, but it is too important a contribution to the history of the period 1880-86 not to be noticed immediately as such. Mr. Gladstone comes out admirably in respect of his very difficult relations with the Queen, who by then had developed strong prejudice against him, who harassed him constantly about Chamberlain, and who had for the time being almost reverted to the methods of George III in her anxiety to shape Irish and foreign policy in accordance with her personal wishes. But if the loyalty and discretion of Mr. Gladstone when dealing with the Crown are more clearly revealed than ever before, the book shows him as extremely fallible in judging of colleagues. The capital mistake was in the case of Chamberlain, when he aspired to the Irish Chief Secretaryship; but the composition of the Cabinet was faulty at half-a-dozen points, and Mr. Gladstone's own position as between Whigs and Radicals was ambiguous.

## THE FAMINE IN THE COALFIELDS

**G**RADUALLY the nation is awakening to the true gravity of the situation in the coalfields; gradually but not yet rapidly enough. Private response to public appeals has been generous but very far from adequate: the total that has been contributed up to the present time is hardly sufficient to remedy even the edges of the calamity. The blight on the coalfields has brought misery to South Wales and Durham in 1928 hardly less complete than the potato blight brought to Ireland in 1846-7. In London and the comparatively prosperous South, people still find it hard to realize the full extent of the distress. It is not merely a matter of a heavy and increasing amount of unemployment in an essential industry, of a very large quantity of idle, empty-pocketed and hungry people in a number of towns. Bad as that would be, this is far worse. It is a matter of a whole community pauperized and despairing, a whole industrial area in ruin. There are entire towns in which not a man, woman or child is doing a stroke of work with the exception of tradesmen, who are finding it a losing struggle to keep their small businesses alive on indefinitely extended credit. Local authorities have in most instances long ago exhausted their funds and are continuing relief on a hopelessly restricted scale beneath the burden of a staggering accumulation of debt. Individual households have seen the savings of a lifetime dissolve and vanish, then the comforts and at length the necessities—the chairs and tables—of their homes sacrificed. Now, with less than enough to eat to keep themselves healthy the women are cutting up the remnants of their own clothing to provide covering for the backs of their children. It is a catastrophe of which the worst physical effects will not be felt until the children are growing into manhood, when the deprivations from which they are now suffering will be manifested in ill-health and underdevelopment of mind and body. This will affect not only them but the welfare and efficiency of the whole nation. The Minister of Health spoke no more than the fact when he described the situation as being "without parallel in the memory of living persons."

The tragedy is that the worst of the calamity could have been avoided if action had been taken at the proper time. The nation had plenty of warning: the present situation had been amply foreseen. Three years ago the country paid £20,000,000 for a Report on the coal industry in which what was then the future and is now the present was broadly prophesied and remedies of one sort or another propounded. The Report, perhaps rightly, was scrapped, but nothing was put in its place, and it was succeeded by a stoppage which cost us millions more and aggravated and precipitated the crisis that is now upon us. The miners, hopelessly misled, discouraged even their friends, and made the solution of their problem a hundred times more difficult; the owners, on whom seems to have descended the inertia of forsaken men, did nothing to help themselves or the industry. Inactivity in

the mines has been matched by inactivity outside. At last, when the situation had grown so grave that even the dead must have perceived its perils, a few grudging and belated moves began to be made towards reorganization. Not until the distress itself was so glaring that it could no longer be ignored—last winter in the coalfields was only less bad than this winter as a fractured spine is less bad than a broken neck—was public attention seriously called to it. But it is useless at this stage to distribute blame; indignation is dumb before the quite extraordinary patience of the afflicted. In this patience—even though it be the resignation of despair—is the answer to those who in the heat of conflict thoughtlessly branded miners in a body as "reds" and revolutionaries.

The work of relief, left till late, is now to be handled more efficiently. The Government have lent offices and a secretary to the Lord Mayors' Fund, and it may be hoped that this is a prelude to a thorough co-ordination of effort which will avoid the worst wastage of over-lapping. But things cannot and will not be left at that. This is no local disaster with which we are faced. It is a social and economic calamity on the grand scale, from which the whole nation must suffer and to mitigate which the whole nation owes a duty to itself as well as to the immediate victims. Mr. Baldwin remarked the other day that the country is witnessing the progress of an industrial revolution as big as that of a century ago. He added that then the crisis was left to work itself out unaided, but that on this occasion our eyes are open and there must be no muddling through. He is right. Infinitely difficult as it may be to do, the Government are bound to accept the responsibility of undertaking relief. The need has become too serious to be left to the generous but adventitious and possibly spasmodic enterprise of private persons. The situation shouts for official recognition not only on humanitarian but on the starkest economic grounds. It is a national emergency and it must be met, somehow and to some extent, out of the funds of the national exchequer.

But the work of relief, inexpressibly urgent and necessary though it be, is only the immediate half of the problem. The vast majority of the men now unemployed in the coalfield can never go back into the pits; the fundamental task is to get the workless population transferred to other trades and other areas, and beside that task the matter of relief, complicated and gigantic as it is, becomes simple and almost insignificant. This even more than the other is a national responsibility. The old and often excellent cry of "Hands off industry" has here no validity: the sheer magnitude of the emergency lifts it clean out of industry pure and simple into politics. By every means in their power the Government must encourage the mine-owners to set their house in order. It is clear now that the coal industry will never be re-established by an eight hour day or by partial marketing agreements. What is required is a whole-hog reorganization, the closing of uneconomic pits, the grouping of those that are economic, re-equipment with up-to-date machinery, and establishment of production and selling agreements not merely between groups but for the whole unified industry. Directly and indirectly the Government could do



much to further these ends: directly, for instance, by granting credits for the cost of improvements in certain instances when it is refused by the banks; indirectly in a number of ways that are familiar to Governments.

Thorough "rationalization" of the mines, when its full results were realized, would bring benefits to others besides the coal trade; a fall in the price of coal would be of such widespread benefit that a not insubstantial proportion of the miners left unemployed might reasonably expect to be absorbed into other industries. For that reason it is doubly desirable. But work must be found in other ways for the majority of the surplus miners, and a great deal of very hard thinking will have to be done in the immediate future if the disease is not to be allowed to take its own desperate course. At present the policy of transfer holds the field, but at the best this can only prove a very partial remedy. Plantation on the land might be much more comprehensive but it would be long and difficult and in the end possibly disappointing, and time is the essence of this crisis. That, however, is no reason for not making the attempt. Some solution might be reached along the lines of a large scale development of small-holdings—a branch of agriculture which in this country has so far been lamentably stultified. There remain the outstretched acres of the Dominions, imploring exploitation. It is there that, if we are wise and can plan carefully and with vision, the ultimate solution could probably be found.

## A NEW HOUSE OF LORDS

IT is rumoured that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have been discussing the future of the House of Lords. After the motion of Lord Clarendon this week, the chance of an agreement, fantastically remote six months ago, has been brought sensibly nearer. When Lord Cave, last session, presented as a cut-and-dried scheme certain ideas of reform that had been in the minds of the Government, the House of Commons was plainly hostile, and Conservative members were almost as critical as the Opposition. Apart from the merits and demerits of the scheme it was felt that the whole method of approach had been wrong. The object was to construct in the Upper House new and stronger lines of defence against the will of the majority in the Commons, and the motive was fear of what might happen if a Labour Government were returned to power at the next election. Reform so prefaced never had the slightest chance of acceptance by the Opposition, and in the absence of any agreement before the election, the last thing that any member of the House of Commons wanted was to go to the country on the side of the Lords as against the Commons. But with Lord Clarendon's speech on Tuesday the whole subject has been put in an entirely new light. No longer is the House to be fortified against future differences of opinion with the Commons. The Parliament Act is accepted as it stands and the sole motive of the reformers is to make the House of Lords more efficient in the discharge of its constitutional duty. Future conflict with the will of the Commons is not in contemplation, and in any case the Parliament Act provides for its resolution. Even the decision on what is a Money Bill is still left in the hands of the Speaker, where the Parliament Act placed it. The dominant idea of the project is rather co-opera-

tion between the two Houses for the more efficient performance of Parliamentary work.

The new House as projected preserves the hereditary principle as its nucleus. One hundred and fifty peers are to be chosen by the general body of peers on a system of proportional election that will give fair representation of minority opinion. In addition, the Government of the day is to nominate 150 peers for the duration of the Parliament only. These nominated peers are to be chosen so as to give as near as may be an exact reflection in the House of Lords of the state of parties in the Commons. Further, the Crown is given the right to create life peers (apart from the Law Lords), but their number is to be limited to a degree left undefined. In these proposals there is no limitation of the prerogative of the Crown but rather an extension. The decision in the celebrated Wensleydale Peerage case denied to the Crown the right to create life peerages, and the life peers who now sit in the House are law lords, whose right was conferred by special statute passed after the Wensleydale decision. The future House of Lords under this scheme will be a better second chamber than we have now. It will include all the peers who now do the regular work, for these are certain to be elected by the constituent peerage. It will exclude those peers who have no continuous interest in politics but merely turn up once or twice a session to swell the majority when party feeling is running high. In their place there will be a body of life peers that reproduces the party proportions of the Commons.

The details of the reforms will naturally be open to revision, and in any case they cannot be embodied in a project of law in the lifetime of this Parliament. But much useful work can be done by informal discussion between the leaders of the parties and between representative private members. Lord Hailsham, warned by the precipitancy of Lord Cave when the Lords last discussed their own reform, was very careful to reserve judgment on the merits of the Clarendon proposals. But he made it quite clear that what the Government wanted most of all was a settlement by consent, and that it had by no means given up hope of securing it. Nor is there any reason why it should. What progress has been made in the conversations between Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald is not known, nor is it known whether any specific scheme was discussed, or whether, as is more probable, all that was done was to make a preliminary survey of the ground. Despite the criticism of Lord Parmoor, there is nothing in the Clarendon proposals which Labour could regard as in any sense hostile to itself. On the contrary, they assure to Labour a much stronger position in the Lords than it could get in any other way. Lord Buckmaster does not speak for the Liberal Party, but his strong support guarantees that there is nothing in the proposals inimical to what are called Liberal principles.

There is in principle no reason why all parties should not unite to further a project of reform which has no other object than to promote the efficiency of Parliamentary Government, and Lord Middleton's contempt of the idea of a settlement by consent is surely short-sighted and unwise. It may well be that the House of Commons is more in need of reform than the House of Lords, but there is no competition between the two reforms. They might even with advantage be discussed in their relations with each other. All thoughtful members of Parliament realize how much better their work would be if the House of Lords had time to do its work of revision more thoroughly, and the disposition to do it not in the interests of party views but of lucid and scientific legislation. The present rule, which insists that a measure must pass through all its stages in both Houses in one session, is bad and makes for scamped

work, unintelligible Acts of Parliament, and in consequence costly litigation. Bills that cannot be adequately revised in one session should be allowed to run over into the next, and more Bills ought to be initiated in the Lords. It is to be hoped that the conversations between Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin will make good progress, for we may get the advantage of them next Parliament if not in this.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

NOTHING of great interest occurred on the floor of the House at the end of last week. There were events, however, off the stage, which were of much greater interest. Two meetings were held by members of the Labour Party, one of members of the I.L.P. and the other of members representing West Riding constituencies, and both had a savour about them which made them good topics of discussion and speculation in the lobbies and smoking-rooms. The meeting of the I.L.P. members was held, it seems, to afford an opportunity for the more moderate elements to make their protest against their more extreme colleagues, Messrs. Maxton, Wheatley and Cook. Its significance lies in the fact that it is some evidence that the Maxton campaign has not achieved any success among Labour members of Parliament. That stolid element which forms the largest part of Labour representation in the House were always delighted with their more mercurial comrades so long as they led the way in attack upon their hereditary foe, capitalism; a task which they carried out with great skill and dash; but when the attack was turned upon their own leaders and upon themselves, they became at first bewildered and at length have stirred themselves (in the manner of a cow aroused by intruding boys) to protest. The Maxton campaign has not, therefore, achieved any success among Labour members, and it may be dropped; but the fissure in the ranks, which the opening of their campaign revealed, will remain, for it seems unlikely that defeat will make Mr. Maxton better pleased with the leadership of Mr. MacDonald. He and his friends will remain on their back benches more silent perhaps but more grim, awaiting an opportunity to secure and avenge their present discomfiture.

The other meeting was of much greater importance. The textile trade unions in Yorkshire had announced earlier in the week that they would support the application of the employers for a safeguarding duty on certain classes of dress goods. On receipt of this dire news of heresy, Mr. Snowden lost no time. At once he called together the Labour members for the West Riding, and once in his iron grip they can have had no option but to pass a resolution condemning the action of their brethren in the trade unions. And thus a flash from Bradford has revealed that the pestilence which always accompanies protection—schism in the ranks of political parties—has fallen upon the Labour Party, which was but yesterday exulting in the ravages which it bid fair to make in the Conservative Party at the end of last session. It is too early yet to estimate what may be the results of this new factor thrown into the political whirlpool so soon before a General Election; they may indeed be far-reaching. For some time past it has been evident that some sections of the Labour movement were infected with the protectionist fever; and it was inevitable that among those who were brought into everyday contact with the evidence of unemployment at home on the one hand and foreign importation on

the other, there would sooner or later be some who would throw off the influence of party shibboleths and declare for the trial of a practical remedy; and it would be surprising if the lead once given is not followed by other trade unions. But on the other side is the spectre of Mr. Snowden; and if the trade unions dare at a distance to challenge his decrees, the politicians of Labour know well that it will only be over his dead body that their party will become contaminated with any kind of protection—and they may well pause before they decide to exchange Mr. Snowden for safeguarding. The adoption of safeguarding would lose them the support of many former Liberals who have gone or may go over to them and would check the decline in Liberal fortunes. Truly the dilemma of the Labour Party over the fiscal issue appears, as it develops, even more embarrassing than that of the Conservatives.

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This week opened with an unexpected and unusual incident. At the end of question time Mr. Grenfell, one of the members for the City of London, asked the House to censure the *Evening News* for a gross breach of privilege contained in an attack upon the impartiality of Mr. Hope, the Chairman of Ways and Means. The evidence in the passage read to the House was conclusive enough to cause the Prime Minister, Mr. Clynnes and Mr. Macpherson to support the censure motion on behalf of the three parties. But there is always a feeling of uncertainty, when an incident of this kind occurs, as to whether decorum or cussedness will sway the minds of some of the more explosive back benchers on the Labour side; and when Mr. Scrymgeour rose to speak there was some anxiety. He, however, at once made it clear that he considered attacks of this kind upon men in public life as most unjust and he vigorously supported the censure motion. When Mr. Jack Jones rose there was a renewal of anxiety; but he, too, after a few doubtful passages, came down fairly and squarely on the side of decorum. He made one of his best speeches, and his point that the real criminal would not be brought to book was approved on all sides. The House disposed of this episode in a firm and dignified manner and with a brevity which should be highly commended.

\* \*

After this the day was spent in completing the remaining stages of the Imperial Telegraphs Bill, during which Captain Benn gave an admirable example to his new colleagues of the art of skilful opposition. He is a real acquisition to the Labour benches. On Tuesday and Wednesday Mr. Chamberlain was again the protagonist, on the Guillotine motion for the Local Government Bill and on the proposal to reduce the housing subsidy. In the latter debate he again showed, in a speech of little more than twenty minutes, his two outstanding qualities—the extraordinary clearness with which he can present his proposals and his courageous statesmanship. It is never an easy matter to propose the cutting down of a Government subsidy on a social service, because opponents will always say that the service is being cut down. But Mr. Chamberlain does not found his policies on such superficial considerations; and on this occasion, being convinced that the chief object to aim at was to cheapen building and that the reduction of the subsidy would achieve that object, as it had done in the past, he did not hesitate to propose the reduction. And with such skill and clearness did he state his case that he strengthened the doubters on his own side and, we suspect, created doubts among his opponents who sought to reject his proposals.

FIRST CITIZEN



## ASPECTS OF THE KING'S ILLNESS

THE personal reactions which the illness of the King has provoked need no emphasizing. It is to be hoped that by the time these words appear in print the danger will have lessened, even though it can hardly have disappeared. The official bulletins have provoked many and varied comments. It is, of course, obvious that medical technique has been publicly tested at one of its weakest points; and critical minds have not failed to recognize the jargon officially employed as having a mainly ritualistic significance. There is not the slightest room for questioning the very high ability of those professional men and women who have devoted their skill and knowledge to the restoration of the King's health. Every particle of relevant medical knowledge that has yet been garnered is certainly being applied. The disturbing thing is that that knowledge is so little, and, consequently, the powers of even the most accomplished of physicians, in determining the event of the illness, so slight.

One feature of the medical bulletins issued from Buckingham Palace, which has received a good deal of hostile criticism, should, in fact, receive our commendation. Frequently it has been said, "If the King has pneumonia, why don't the doctors say so?" It is as specific entities that most people still look upon the varying forms of illness, just as it is to specific cures that they look in every case. Doctors are concerned with a very different thing, namely, sick men, women, and children; and though occasionally a single causative element may loom so large that attack may wisely be concentrated on it—as in diphtheria—generally circumstances that vary from individual to individual call for as much consideration as does the one factor they all have in common.

In the present state of medical knowledge, the less we tie ourselves to specific names, with all sorts of traditional associations, the better. A collection of symptoms, which constitutes what generally passes under the name of some disease, is as a rule composed of quite as many desirable and protective manifestations as damaging ones. In the past, very much harm has been done through inability to distinguish between them. Acute inflammatory states of the lung are nearly always due to the activity of bacteria, which have at that point overcome the body's resistance and succeeded in establishing themselves. An increased defensive reaction is thereupon set up by the body-cells, which are apparently informed by the changed state of the blood, supplemented by messages of the sympathetic or autonomic nervous system. Forces are hurried to the seat of invasion, while anti-bodies are produced to neutralize the bacterial toxins and to assist in overcoming the bacteria, in which work the phagocytes play a great part. Nearly always, the ultimate issue depends, not on the temporary injury or blocking of the affected lung, but on the capacity of the body-cells to neutralize the toxins and to overcome the bacteria that are threatening to intoxicate and put out of action vital structures in the body.

The complication of any bacterial invasion of the lungs which is most dreaded by doctors is a failure of the functioning of the heart muscle, as a result of a general toxæmia. In ordinary health, the heart, even more than most muscles, has considerable reserves of power. Consequently, it is able to meet the demands of varying degrees of activity without showing signs of exhaustion or failure. This result is attained through the existence of a large numerical excess of muscle-cells beyond those brought

into action at any one time. In the usual way, the cells responsible for muscular contraction are given a period of rest before again being called into action, the muscular efficiency of the heart thus depending very largely on the multiplicity of its healthy cells. If a large number have been put out of action through fibrosis or other degenerative change, the heart can only meet any additional demand for effort by both increasing the rapidity of its total contractions and allowing shorter intervals of time to each cell for rest and recuperation. Most of us, by the time we have passed middle-age, have considerably lessened the muscular reserve of our hearts. We may have been efficient "straight eights" in our day, but so many of our plugs now fail to spark, that we must be satisfied with crawling up a decent slope "on second."

Any form of toxæmia tends, first of all, to interfere with the delicate regulating mechanism of the heart—which times and harmonizes muscular contraction—and, secondly, to throw extra work on the heart-muscle, at a moment when it is least able to tackle it. The toxin stimulates the thyroid gland into defensive activity, while stores of sugar and an increased amount of insulin are poured into the blood-stream; general metabolism is speeded up, and the secretion of the suprarenals, poured into the blood-stream, causes the heart to beat more quickly and more strongly, and the small blood vessels coincidentally to contract. It will be obvious that great care is needed in meddling with so elaborate an organization of natural healing forces, with half-a-million years' experience behind them. One may even wonder if in the present state of our knowledge he is not the best doctor who interferes the least. A few measures, mostly of a negative kind, are obviously sound and desirable. They chiefly aim at maintaining the general nourishment, at assisting normal physiological functioning, and at securing for the patient immunity from every avoidable demand on cardiac effort, such as pain, discomfort and sleeplessness inevitably involve. Beyond such surgical steps as are necessary for the drainage of localized purulent accumulations, when—as in the case of the King—empyema follows a pleuritic inflammation, it is doubtful if any effective specific treatment of pneumonic toxæmia—if such can be called specific—exists.

QUAERO

## THE NEW BROOM IN RUMANIA

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Bukarest, December 8

THE change of government which has taken place in Rumania has a right to be regarded as an event of more than ordinary importance. In Bukarest it is spoken of as a bloodless revolution, the passing of the old order and the opening of the new, and that not only by enthusiastic followers of the new regime, but by sober persons of balanced judgment without political ties. Everybody, with the exception of those who held their jobs by virtue of Liberal protection or who were interested in the new industries created by Liberal policy, was glad to see the Bratianu Government go. They welcome the administration of the National Peasants' Party as one which will be more representative of the country, have a better understanding of its problems, and introduce a healthier and more progressive spirit into public life.

Since the war Rumania had been governed by an oligarchy. The Liberal Party had acquired this position, first of all by the prestige which it commanded for having created Greater Rumania and satisfactorily solved its most pressing internal problem by dividing up the land among the peasants, and later by creating

a number of powerful vested interests which depended on the continuity of Liberal policy. But since the passing of the Agrarian Reform Law the Liberals have forfeited all claim to be considered as a party of progress. M. Vintila Bratianu's economic policy, which was devised in a well-meant attempt to make Rumania completely self-supporting, developed into an instrument for the protection of the interests of a small class of persons who were associated with the newly-created and carefully protected home industries. It was a policy absolutely contrary to the main interests of the country, which are agricultural, and has led to its being slowly impoverished and its economic life virtually strangled. Everything has been sacrificed to it, the upkeep of the railways, the equipment of the army, and the payment of the civil services. One example will suffice. There is a high import duty on coal, designed to favour the Rumanian collieries. Thus the railways have to buy their coal dearly, and are consequently run at a loss which has to be covered by taxation, while the main colliery company, the capital of which is in Liberal hands, has been paying dividends of 16 per cent. The corruption of the public services has become a by-word even in the Balkans. This policy has been maintained with the help of martial law, censorship and faked elections. Among people of a temperament less mild than that of the Rumanians there would certainly have been outbursts of revolt or a *coup d'état*. Almost every class and every profession had turned against the Liberals at the end.

Now that the change has at last been effected, partly owing to the influence of Queen Marie, partly to the attitude of the foreign banks with which M. Bratianu was negotiating for a loan, the feeling of relief in Rumania is enormous, both on account of the passing of the old regime and because of what the new one offers. The National Peasants' Party has made its policy the very reverse of that of the Liberals. It stands for the interests of the peasant, whereas the Liberals sacrificed agriculture to the creation of artificial industries, the shares in which were distributed among their party. It promises to open the door wide to foreign capital. Above all, it intends to restore freedom of speech and hold free elections, to reform the administration, and "to govern according to the law," a phrase which says a good deal against the methods of its predecessors.

All this sounds Utopian, but there is some likelihood that the promises will prove to be more than clap-trap. The new Cabinet consists almost entirely of new men, but it is generally agreed that they are honest men. Dr. Maniu, the Prime Minister, is a man of high principles and unquestioned integrity; nobody, not even his political opponents, has much doubt that under his administration the elections will be free and fair. The way that he has led his party and kept it together during its ten years of opposition shows that he has force of character. He possesses none of the more superficial gifts of a popular leader, facile eloquence or great personal magnetism. He is shy and unimpressive in appearance, and has rather a poor platform delivery. The peasants have followed him simply because they know that he means what he says and will not be deterred from his aim either by promises or trickery or personal interests. The middle classes approve of him because he is a moderate.

The long period of misgovernment and administrative abuses which Rumania has experienced under the Liberals has produced its reaction and made the people determined to have something better. The standard has been set by the new provinces, Transylvania, the Bukovina and the Banat, which used to belong to Austria-Hungary and have been accustomed to an honest and efficient administration, but it has been accepted by the people of the Old

Kingdom, who are possessed with the ideal of getting rid of the lax and corrupt traditions implanted there by those Phanariots who used in the old days to buy from the Turks the privilege of "governing" the two rich Rumanian principalities.

This strong demand for reform will facilitate the task of the new government. Its chief weakness lies in the fact that its members have had little practical experience of public affairs; but they have one great advantage over their predecessors in being thoroughly representative of the people and in touch with it. The Cabinets which have succeeded one another since the war have, with few exceptions, been composed of old-style Rumanian politicians from the Kingdom, who had little understanding for the new provinces. The members of the new Cabinet are drawn from all parts of the country, old and new, though the majority of them come from west of the Carpathians, the range of mountains which used to divide Turkey from Europe. This quality will help to make up for lack of experience. The problems of government which arise in a country of great natural resources and comparatively primitive culture, such as Rumania, are not very complicated. They can usually be solved by the use of common sense. If the new regime gives Rumania an honest administration and opens its frontiers to the fructifying influence of foreign capital, it will have done all that is necessary to make it prosperous.

[This letter was, of course, written before the General Elections in Rumania, which were held on Wednesday.—ED. S.R.]

## A LETTER FROM IRELAND

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Dublin

TWO bicentenaries of Irish interest have been celebrated this year, those of Goldsmith and of Burke. Neither Goldsmith nor Burke earned his fame in Ireland; but both were Irish born, and both were not only *alumni* of Trinity College, then the University of the Protestant garrison so-called, but came in childhood under native Irish or Gaelic influence. Burke's mother was Roman Catholic Irish, and the first to put a Latin grammar in his hand (before he went to the Quaker School at Ballitore) was the hedge-schoolmaster, O'Halloran. Goldsmith before entering Trinity had for teacher the schoolmaster described in the 'Deserted Village,' by name a Byrne. The names of Goldsmith and Burke, especially that of Burke, who as English statesmen attacked the principles of Ascendancy, were sacred to the older generation of Irish nationalists; and the late William O'Brien wrote that the reconquest of Burke for Ireland would be the reconquest of another lost province. A modern Irish poet, Mr. Colum, has reconstructed the early life of Goldsmith in the Irish midlands, and has made us feel how much closer than is generally supposed our middle-class Protestant countrymen of the eighteenth century must have been to a peasantry that could quote Aristotle, to the Gaeldom "verified by broken scholars from all the seas."

The celebrations at Trinity College included a production of one of the less familiar of Goldsmith's plays and the conferring of degrees upon Lord Birkenhead and Professor A. S. Eddington. Lord Birkenhead delivered the oration upon Burke. There was also an exhibition in the College of Goldsmith and Burke relics, which included an autograph letter from Goldsmith to Mrs. Thrale, and three early autograph letters of Burke, property of the late Mr. G. W. Panter, who was our greatest collector of the things of eighteenth-century Ireland.



Goldsmith's signature on a piece of glass removed from his college rooms and Angelica Kauffman's portrait of Fox and Burke were also shown.

The rest of the country has not vied with Trinity College in celebrating Burke and Goldsmith. Indeed, it might be suspected that the names of Burke and Goldsmith, together with those of Swift and Berkeley, are to be officially erased from our history. Something has happened analogous to the discouragement of the Napoleonic legend in France after the rise of the Third Republic. Neo-Gaelic pedantry, combining with sectarianism, dismisses all these great men as Anglo-Irish worthies. But if the question is one of culture, what is to be done about Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald? Burke was much more racy of the soil than Tone or Emmet, Dublin men, who derived their political notions from French Jacobinism. The fact that Tone led Ireland in rebellion is beside this question. Yet Tone is one of the greater saints in both the republican and Free State calendars, and in the recent renaming of the barracks and roads of the Curragh of Kildare (which is the training ground of the Free State Army, as it was that of the British Army in Ireland) he has with Emmet and Lord Edward taken his place with Pearse and the leaders of the 1916 rising, all of these neo-Gaels (the vanished names in this case are Gough, Ponsonby and Beresford).

There has been some criticism of Trinity's choice of Lord Birkenhead as the orator of Burke. I think that the last famous English politician to receive an honorary degree from Trinity was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; this was at the height of the Boer War, when anti-English feeling here ran very strongly. The action of Trinity at the time was regarded, probably rightly, as an anti-national gesture and challenge. To-day in the popular republican imagination Lord Birkenhead is what Chamberlain once was to the Irish parliamentary party, the darkest of English conspirators. The Free State Government, however, regards Lord Birkenhead's Irish record since the Treaty as a very good one, so that Trinity's invitation to the ex-Lord Chancellor cannot be objected to from the point of view of good citizenship. He has been always the close friend of the retiring Chairman of our Senate, Lord Glenavy, to whom the Free State is certainly indebted. But it may be asked (and has been asked): What is Burke to Lord Birkenhead? Lord Birkenhead is not known as a Burke scholar, nor does one think of him as having been, in the course of his political career, particularly faithful to the letter or spirit of Burke. One fears he was chosen as a "popular draw," with vulgar motive, so that Trinity College might show that, silent sister though she be, she has a lien, like *Britannia*, upon the "best and most courageous thought of the time." Distinguished historians from Oxford or Cambridge might have been called upon. Or from outside of these islands, some philosopher, such as Croce, for example, or de Ruggiero, who in his 'History of European Liberalism' has written so well of Burke. In Ireland itself we have Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is learned in Burke, and has stimulating views on the application of Burke's ideas to our national problem.

Suarez among political philosophers is the name that our theologians of Maynooth conjure with. Trinity should have found a philosopher to expound Burke, and to put this Irishman forward as, from the Irish standpoint, "better than" Suarez, whose theory of the State, as Mr. T. S. Eliot has recently observed acutely, has much in common with that of the atheistic Hobbes. There is a younger group of men in Ireland, not composed wholly of Protestants, which feels the need, that egalitarian tyranny may be opposed, of a counter-revolution in thought, and it would find better sustenance in Burke than in

Suarez. Burke understood that "democracy and liberalism were opposed, but inseparable terms." The spirit that has produced our Censorship Bill is clearly of a tyranny like that of 1793 against which Burke fulminated, in that its logical development is compelled to suppress one by one all the liberties previously proclaimed! But the representatives of Burke's University in the Dáil did nothing to oppose the second reading of the Bill.

## MY "GROUSE" AGAINST THE POLICE

BY A MOTORIST

A SHORT time ago I was shocked to find something inside me exulting at the thought of the police getting into trouble over a certain notorious case. I hastily tried to suppress this feeling, for I have no hatred of the police, and in fact have always had an idea that I admired them. I know many as individuals and we are good friends. Nevertheless, some devil in me refused to be turned from its rejoicing at the prospect of their "getting it in the neck." So I thought about it and soon found that my malicious delight was really at the expense of the Law, and not of policemen *qua* policemen. In the same moment I knew why it was. It was the motorist in me that rejoiced.

As a motorist I have learnt to regard the Law with a mixture of contempt and bitterness. Years ago I was fined for two trivial offences, which annoyed me at the time but left no scar, for I knew I was guilty and deserved reproof. What burnt in deeply, however, was another conviction for a quite innocent offence (connected with beginning to pass on the wrong side of an obelisk) in which I knew, beyond all doubt, that corroborative evidence was manufactured against me to make certain of my conviction. I saw the charge against me being worked up with another policeman while I was waiting in court to be tried. At the time of the offence, no other policeman was in sight, yet both men read out an identical, though unrecognizable, account of my misdemeanour. But I knew it was hopeless to charge the police with perjury or conspiracy. It was cheaper and easier to pay up. Soon after that I was again in trouble for "dangerous driving" over cross roads open in every direction for 300 yards, over which I had passed some thousands of times. I drove over them at thirty, whereas a magistrate has frequently driven me over them at forty-five.

In court I find it is assumed that all motorists are natural liars, besides being inveterate criminals. Unlike burglars, there is no First Offenders' Act for them, and no matter how many years one may have driven without accident or offence, it makes no difference. Similarly, however many years in future I may keep out of trouble, I am branded for the rest of time as "a dangerous driver." Having driven for seventeen years without the suspicion of an accident, I know this is not so.

Everyone knows that the Motor Car Act is a farce. One court fines you £1 where another fines you £5 for identical offences. Fines vary according to which magistrate is chairman of the Bench on a certain day. Some counties have police traps, others do not. Some allow you to break the law up to 35 m.p.h., others only to 30 m.p.h. We are fined not because we are committing an offence, but because we happen to be on the road at a certain time on a certain day when the police have decided to trap it. A little later, and an A.A. scout would have been summoned to warn the road users. Is it edifying that we should have to take part in such a farce, creep along for a few hundred yards, and metaphorically make a long nose at policemen cowering behind hedges and look-

ing ridiculous? Is it good for the respect in which the Law is or ought to be held? If we are caught, it is merely our bad luck; and we are, therefore, filled with a sense of the deepest injustice and unreasoned hatred of the men who are only carrying out their orders. If we are warned in time, the Law becomes a thing to be mocked at. How can one respect a law so flagrantly defied by bishops, judges, magistrates and everyone—a law so capricious and unfair in its operation, such a manifestly rotten law, broken as it is ten million times a day? But contempt of one law tends to breed contempt of all; the Motor Car Act is producing exactly the same evils in England as the Volstead Act is producing in the United States. It is bad for motorists to make long noses at policemen hiding in hedges, but it is equally bad for policemen to be taught to hide in hedges to catch people out in technical offences.

Policemen, taking their cue from their superiors, take it for granted now that motorists, like Habakuk, are always in the wrong, and if they are not committing a crime are just about to, or have come fresh from its commission. We are trapped on the roads, hunted from one parking place to another, shouted at, bullied, cursed here for going too slow, fined there for going too fast, persecuted in every conceivable way. As the Ishmaels of the community we are singled out to bear the cost of relieving from ratepaying others who are far wealthier than many of us. Thus do the Government show their gratitude to the people whose money was misappropriated to make their Budget balance. There is more joy in the County Court over one motorist who is caught than over the ninety-and-nine prevented in time by the A.A. from breaking the law. The attitude of the police is not to prevent offences or to add to the safety of the roads, but to get convictions. This is proved, in my district at any rate, by the fact that only straight stretches are trapped, and the traps are worked on dry days early in the morning or late at night, for then the roads are safer, and so people may be more easily caught.

The effect on the police is most demoralizing. They learn to be busybodies and autocrats and to create trouble rather than prevent it. I have even been stopped and had my number-plates measured to see if it were not possible to hale me before the Bench for having the figures a decimal point too small. One has only to back accidentally into a lamp-post to have policemen rushing up to smell one's breath to see if drunkenness cannot be added to our other crimes. So far as we are concerned, they have ceased to be peace-keepers and have become our enemies. Some lunatic has even suggested that they should be equipped with fast motor bicycles and be made *agents provocateurs* as well.

The effect on the motorist is cumulative and psychological. His subconscious mind responds to the injustice and persecution that he suffers and breeds in him contempt of the law and hatred of the outward symbols of the inner tyranny that oppresses him. A short time ago a significant incident occurred. A policeman, attempting to arrest a criminal, appealed to the crowd to help him. The crowd did something almost unknown in England hitherto. They turned on the policeman. Those who are wondering why the police are becoming so unpopular might consider for a start the attitude that has been created between the police and the motoring public. I can assure them it is relevant, for more than once I have surprised that unreasoning subconscious devil in me gloating over the thought of an opportunity to help other offenders to escape from the Law, which I am rapidly learning to despise and suspect. It has made me a rebel, and I would now join up cheerfully with anyone who would guarantee to strike a blow for liberty against bureaucratic interference by methods so often dubious.

## PLUS ÇA CHANGE

BY GERALD GOULD

IT was, if I remember right, John Stuart Mill who worried lest all possible combinations of musical notes should one day be exhausted. Well (like, or unlike, John Stuart Mill), I should worry. And I am remaining calm through the difficulty which the great Capablanca finds in finding difficulty in chess. Let him have his new pieces, with their hybrid moves and powers, if he really needs them. Chess and music will last the time of most of us: there are even unsolved problems in bridge—a game at which I once made a mistake. Inexhaustibilities stretch round us and away from us in every direction; when scientific persons tell us that space is finite, that only shows how little they understand about infinity. But jokes, now!—jokes must in a sense be local, temporal, of the household, of the nation—they must have a basis, a context, a reaction—and the field of them may narrow down to a point; ultimately, they may even become pointless. Equanimity itself is shaken at the prospect; for a world without jokes would be no joke.

I read a joke in a monthly magazine, and it seemed to me not very good: no better, anyway, than it was when I made it in these columns some months ago. Not that I impute plagiarism—plagiarism wouldn't matter; and if a thing were worth saying in the first instance, it might well be worth stealing in the second. I should have been monstrously flattered by plagiarism. The trouble is that the poor little jest (was it worth saying in the first instance?—no, no: I own, since you unkindly press me, that it wasn't)—the poor little jest arose inevitably from its circumstances. Given the present state of the weather, politics, literature and trade, almost anybody who took pen in hand was bound to make it. It was the obvious comment on the obvious. I fell for it then, and must stand by it now. A better man might have done worse: it takes great strength to return the penny. The obvious comment on the obvious!—is there not a danger lest, in a world which sophistication narrows, every joke may become precisely that?

There is no such danger, and we can see there is not, if we fortify ourselves by a proper understanding of art. (No difficulty, of course, there!) The very fact that the jest arises from the facts is our safeguard: we can trust the facts to change. It is indeed with witticisms as with stories: there are but so many in the world (the number is variously given as seven and thirty-three), but each has infinite disguise, and comes again as fresh, as various, as unique, as the returning spring. It may be that chess can be exhausted; that is a matter on which, for reasons satisfactory to myself, I will not cross gambits with the Masters; but, if so, it is because chess is arbitrarily limited by man's invention; and, what man has enclosed, he can enfranchise. But humour is more than man; it inhabits him and deserts him and mocks him and lures him on; he has no more power to catch, tame, bind, finish, destroy it, than he has to reduce spring's laughter to statistics, or find a formula for the



unintimidated dawn. These powers prevail, new because old. We are wrong to be depressed by the facetiousness which wrung quenchless laughter from gods or heroes in the old epics. That they had their jokes, and we have ours, is the ground of consolation. Fundamentally, no doubt, our jokes *are* theirs; but it is jolly that they seem so different.

And indeed, to fear that the wells of laughter may dry up is the same blasphemy as to doubt that love is new with the lover, or to suppose (a prevalent blasphemy, this!) that poetry needs a new shape in the mind or on the page. If poetry needs a new shape, it will not only bring it, it will *be* it: we can leave that to poetry. I do not belittle the solicitude which looks out, from a high tower, for the dust of the hooves of the steed which shall bear the champion to succour the Lady Poetry: wise men, serious men, men of learning and taste, take on that office of circumspection with no thought for their private glory. To refuse them admiration would be churlish; but meanwhile, I suppose, the Lady Poetry is comfortable enough downstairs, getting on with her steak and chips. The Monster of Form, who is supposed to have enslaved her, waits, in fact, upon her word. She made him, and can change him. She, not he, is the Enchanter. The power and the future belong to her.

I do not, like my betters, give myself concern about the Modern Poet. I do not think he exists, any more than the Modern Girl. To talk about the Modern Poet seems to me like talking about the modern lover (a different thing from analysing modern love!), or the modern morning. There are lots of modern poets, all different: and lots of modern lovers, all new. Meredith had some right to label his greatest poem 'Modern Love,' because he discerned in the ancient business particular subtleties, and supposed them to be bred of modernity; but probably even in that he was mistaken, for what subtlety does his poem embrace which would not have been equally possible in the time of Shakespeare's Sonnets?—and at any rate he only analysed what he saw; he did not lay down laws for love to follow; he did not deny to the moderns anything that the earlier years enjoyed; he gave us, not a theory, but a tale.

The business of the poet is to tell the truth; and the persuasion of the poet is that truth persists. Do I seem to be narrowing the function of criticism? If so, I express myself badly. I want to see criticism as new, as fresh, as old, as permanent, as modern, as ancient, as poetry itself; but it is handmaid, not mistress—follower, not guide. The moment it takes upon itself to tell poetry what to do, its usefulness ends; for it is certain that poetry cannot, and therefore will not, listen. And the instruction must not be imparted even by implication; the poet is to be left free; if he does not surrender under a heading, or bend his neck to a generalization, he is not to be frowned upon for frowardness.

But how came I from jokes to odes, from amusement to the muse? It seems a far cry from the lighter troubles of Mr. Mill to the lower slopes of Parnassus. Yet the link, once

one looks for it, is obvious. Eternal truth endures in jest and song, manifesting variously, remaining the same. I have a witty friend to whom I once pointed out, at a dance, a vivid, painted, lurid creature—(probably the Modern Girl!)—"That," said I, "looks like the Dark Lady of the Sonnets."

"More," said my friend, "like the Dark Lady of the Limericks."

## PETTICOAT LANE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THAT curious smoky loneliness which is London on a winter Sunday morning was shattered, as if a gigantic bomb had burst, the moment I turned the corner from Aldgate High Street into Middlesex Street. This will not seem odd to anybody who remembers that Middlesex Street was once called Petticoat Lane, and is still Petticoat Lane every Sunday morning. At first I saw nothing except the tops of stalls because I was wedged in the crowd. We pushed, and they pushed—not angrily but in quiet good-humour—and gradually we began to move until we achieved something like a yard a minute. Then suddenly the crowd thinned and I found myself ejected—and a little man was dangling gaudy suspenders not six inches from my nose. "Take a look at 'em," he was roaring.

After escaping from these suspenders, I joined the group in front of a seedy-looking man who was talking in an astonishingly loud and angry voice. He had not shaved that morning or perhaps the morning before either, and wore neither collar nor tie, but nevertheless his stall glittered with gold watches, dozens and dozens of them, and not very far from the dirty fist he kept banging down was a heap of money, a whole heap of it, pounds and pounds. There was nothing very Jewish about his appearance, but never before have I heard such a strong Hebraic accent. When you heard his talk of "dese vatches" you would have sworn he was doing it on purpose. "In de Vest End you go and pay six tibes de prize for dese vatches. And vy? Because, I tell you," he cried, in a towering rage, "dey're all robbers." And in a more tender mood, that man, I am convinced, would not have hesitated to call you "ma tear."

I had imagined such accents were no longer heard in this world. Indeed, I have never met them except in the harum-scarum novels of the thirties and forties of the last century, early Dickens and Thackeray and 'Valentine Vox' and 'Ten Thousand A Year.' But indeed I might have suddenly been plunged into a chapter of one of those novels. When I was a boy and stared at those old illustrations by Cruikshank and "Phiz," so fantastically crowded and crazily energetic, I thought that London was probably like that, but afterwards I came to the conclusion that there was nothing realistic about those old illustrators, who merely reported the doings in some dingy elfland of their own invention. Now I see I was wrong. I am prepared to believe they really drew the London of their day. That London still persists, every Sunday morning in Petticoat Lane. I had pushed my way into a "Phiz"

drawing. Here was one of his streets—not simply crowded but *bursting* with humanity, and not ordinary humanity, of course, but queer gargoyle-like beings, monstrously fat, lean as hop-poles, twisted, shaggy, battered, sinister. This fellow serving jellied eels, that squinting jovial man, accompanying a cheap gramophone record with a solo on a little tin toy trombone, this vast waddle of womanhood offering us a saucer of green peas, the curly Jew there smoothing out a pair of secondhand trousers—where have we seen them before? Why, in those queer scratchy illustrations we used to stare at, half fascinated, half repelled, so many years ago—in ‘Nicholas Nickleby’ and ‘Oliver Twist.’

All the furious energy was still there. It was commerce turned into pandemonium. A Dionysiac frenzy possessed nearly everybody who had anything to sell. There were rows and rows of men selling overcoats, and no sooner had I set my eyes on the first of them than I thanked Heaven I was wearing an overcoat. If I had not been, they would have pounced upon me at once and hustled me into one of their “smart raglan overcoats I tell you people at Eighteen Shillings, I tell you Eighteen, all right then, Seventeen Shillings, for the last time this overcoat at Sixteen Shillings!” A youth in front of me was jammed into one and compelled to buy it, and later I saw him wandering about in it, still with a dazed expression on his face. One little man, all nose and bowler hat, was savagely cutting trousers to pieces with a carving knife. I do not know why he did it, but nobody seemed surprised. Men selling large pink vases would hit them with a hammer. A fellow with razor strops to sell looked like a homicidal maniac. The sweat was streaming down his face, and one hand was bandaged and bloody. “I’ll now first take the edge off this razor,” he bellowed, and then, in a fury, he picked up the razor and attacked a block of wood with it. Later, when I passed, he was yelling “As the basis of this strop, people, you’ve got Carbonorum, the hardest substance known. Cuts glass, glass!” And the next moment there were showers of cut glass falling round him, through which you saw his eyes gleaming wildly.

It was a cold morning but the innumerable young men who were selling cheap sweets were in their shirt sleeves and even then looked uncomfortably hot. “Not One,” they cried in a kind of ecstasy, slapping packets of chocolate and butterscotch into paper bags, “Not One—Not Two—Not Three—But *Four*! Who’ll have the next?” Whenever one of these people had a drink, as they frequently did from bottles that no doubt came from Mr. Hyman Isbitsky’s saloon across the way, you expected to hear a sizzling. Two young Hebrews who were offering us cutlery rescued, they said, from a great fire, had worked up the evidence with such energy that it was hardly possible to see either them or the cutlery for masses of slightly charred tissue paper, which they tossed about all over the place. What appeared at first to be a fight finally assumed the shape and sound of a very large man selling pull-overs at “arf a dollar.” All the silk stockings were the centre of what looked like a riot. You saw them swaying in the air, above

the massed heads, and then heard a voice that from the frenzied sound of it might have been prophesying the destruction of the city. “They’re not rubbish,” I heard one of those gigantic voices cry. “Look at ‘em. Feel ‘em. I’ve sold rubbish, people. The other day I sold some at threepence a pair, and they *were* rubbish. I admit it. These are the real thing. Shilling a pair.” Even your very character and destiny were hurled at you as if Doomsday were already darkening the horizon, for the three or four fate-readers I saw (all in M.A. gowns) were summing up their victims and scribbling their prophecies on slips of paper at an astounding speed.

The first armies of the French Revolution could never have known a more militantly democratic spirit than the one that seemed to inspire all these frenzied salesmen. “I don’t care who you are,” they would roar, time after time, scores and scores of them. No matter whether they were selling pink vases or milk chocolate or watches or overcoats or mechanical toys or stockings or cheese sandwiches, they did not care who we were. All these things were being sold elsewhere, especially in the West End, at prices so monstrous that the salesmen’s perspiration broke out afresh at the thought of them and their voices cracked when they came to record the infamy of it. In a passion of fair-dealing, they shook in our faces their licences and various mysterious documents that proved somehow they were speaking the truth. They brought out handfuls of money to show that it was not merely that they were after. And they did not care who we were.

In all that bustle, sound and fury, it was strange and arresting to discover a quiet little space, a dumb salesman. I saw a number of people, apparently quite absorbed, around one stall where there was no noise, and I was so curious that I pushed my way through to see what was happening. It was a little stall covered with secondhand gloves of every description, from the lordly fur gauntlet to the dirtiest twisted cotton pair, and all the people were quietly busy looking them over and trying them on, while the proprietor, very tall, thin, and depressed, sat staring, lost in a reverie. And then here and there, I came upon small brown men, from some unknown Orient, standing motionless, with cheap gaudy scarves hanging over their arms. They said nothing and I never saw them sell anything. They merely looked at us and Petticoat Lane, their eyes a dark mystery. And then there was the dimmest and most hopeless figure of all. I remember only a drooping cap, drooping moustache, drooping chin—and his stock-in-trade, which consisted of three shiny red notebooks each labelled ‘The Giant Memo Book.’ I appeared to be the only person there who noticed his existence; nobody wanted to buy a Giant Memo, and his silence, his whole attitude, suggested that he knew that as well as I did. I thought of him trailing home with his three Giant Memos, the very dimmest shade of a stationer. “I don’t care who you are,” they still roared. But I should like to have learned who he was, where he had been, what he had done, this dingy Cousin Silence of Petticoat Lane.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

## THE PANEL DOCTOR

SIR,—Your correspondent "Quaero," in your issue of November 24, writes the soundest common sense upon Panel Doctoring, and I should like to emphasize some of the points upon which I agree with him, as well as to mention certain other opinions with which I do not agree.

I do not think that he lays sufficient stress upon the restraints exercised by the machinery of the Insurance system on the professional liberty of the panel doctor as compared with the same doctor in his private practice. There is nothing whatever wrong with the panel practitioner. There has never been a time in which the general practitioners of this country have been better trained, more competent, or more conscientious. The trouble is that all these qualities are checked by stupid and irritating regulations, and the gravest charge of all against it is precisely the charge which your correspondent so well emphasizes, by his quotation from Sir Clifford Allbut's letter to *The Times*, of January 3, 1912. The "bottle of medicine" fetish is a mischievous handicap to practice, and that fetish is riveted upon the practitioner by the circumstances of the drug fund which is inadequate to supply the most effective treatment and encourages the patient in his continued belief in the efficiency of drugs, three-quarters of which, as your correspondent properly remarks, are valueless, and known to be valueless by the doctors who are compelled to treat them.

The further great defect of the present scheme of National Health Insurance is the continual failure to supply treatment beyond the scope of the general practitioner's technique, appliances and time; the continued privation of the panel patient of the opportunities of hospital and specialist treatment approaches a scandal which your correspondent aptly describes as a "wicked waste of hygienic knowledge and therapeutic skill that obtains to-day." The circumstances of the administration of the National Insurance Act, in my opinion, explain sufficiently this continued failure. Far too much influence is exercised by the Approved Societies in the administration of the scheme which is supposed to be controlled by two separate and distinct authorities, the Insurance Committees on the one hand, concerned with medical benefit, and the Approved Societies, concerned with cash benefits. As a matter of fact and experience, these two bodies have become one for all practical purposes: the Insurance Committees are preponderantly composed of officers of the Approved Societies, and the scheme thus becomes the puppet of the Approved Societies, both in the administration of medical benefit and the cash benefits. The general practitioner finds himself constantly circumscribed by antiquated lay notions and stupid regulations and criticisms, and it is this restraint which I think medical men would like to see removed, and I also think that a very large section of public opinion resents interference with professional liberty by persons entirely ignorant of medicine.

I am, etc.,

House of Commons E. GRAHAM LITTLE

## SCOTTISH NATIONALISM

SIR,—The Scottish "Nationalists" appear to start from a false conception of Scottish nationality. At any rate they do it little honour by seeking to assimilate it to the modern Nationalist movement in Ireland or on

the Continent. For it is neither a mushroom growth nor the resurgence of a suppressed complex. Its present position may afford legitimate pride to Scotsmen and hope to the world at large. For in its long history, which our reactionary left-wing would have us retrace, it has passed through many phases.

In its origin intensely anti-English, it vindicated its independence and enjoyed that political self-sufficiency which its example has shown to be rather a necessary stage in national development than its complete fulfilment. In outgrowing its antagonism to England it was itself transformed and spiritually enriched, and it has proved sufficiently strong to maintain and develop its own individuality without the political safeguard of a separate government, so needful for less sturdy growth. The wider and more hopeful implications of this development for a Europe in which immature nationalism is a source of danger have hardly received the attention they deserve. Far from despairing of the present plight of their nationality, the "Nationalists" ought to acclaim it as leading the world in political progress.

Should devolution be deemed expedient on practical grounds, care should undoubtedly be taken to avoid anything that would suggest that some new-fangled mechanism manufactured at Westminster was in any sense a political expression of Scottish nationality. That, indeed, would be too much for some of us, who do not style ourselves "Nationalists," to stomach. But your own suggestion that new local government divisions might ignore the old Border goes too far in the other direction and would encounter insuperable obstacles. The Scot has no desire to annex English territory; he is content to be a spiritual annexationist, claiming as British everything south of the Border that he deems admirable, and dismissing the undesirable as merely English.

I am, etc.,

16 Old Elvet, Durham FRANCIS C. HOOD

## THE AMERICAN METAL EXCHANGE.

SIR,—The most divergent views have been expressed on the significance of the new American Metal Exchange which opened last week in New York to facilitate dealings in tin. Remote as we are here in Cornwall from the centre of the Empire, we still look very closely at events that concern the Empire, and it may be that at times we see them in better perspective than do those who are working in the midst of them.

One aspect of the new Exchange which has struck us here, but which apparently has not yet been fully realized in London, is the fact that by bringing buyers of tin closer together the new Exchange may ultimately have the effect of making possible a conference between them and the producers and the smelters. This, as in the case of copper, might lead to an understanding which would reduce the gambling element in the market, and so lead to a more stable price, on which, more than anything else, Cornwall, at least, the oldest mining centre in the world, depends for its salvation. It may be that the wish is father to the thought, but I cannot help feeling that in this way the new Exchange may have effects far more important to the industry than ever its organizers expected.

I am, etc.,

HERBERT THOMAS  
(Managing Director of the Cornish  
Amalgamated Newspapers)

Penzance

## FARMING TO-DAY

SIR,—With twelve farms in hand I think I have had enough experience of agriculture to claim the title of a "practical man," and as such I venture to point out, once again, that our great outstanding difficulty to-day is the disparity between prices

received and cost of production—a disparity which almost all politicians seem to ignore.

At the moment I am specially interested in pigs, and having lately sold a batch at 12s. per score lbs., estimated dead weight, I regard the future with foreboding, since the Irish and the Danes seem determined to dump their surplus on our shores at any price, simply because there is nowhere else for the Irish to send their pork pigs to and the Danes their bacon. The only way in which we English producers could keep them out of our markets would be by underselling them for a time sufficiently long to ensure their ruin, but with our higher wages bill we should certainly be ruined first, unless our Government would subsidize us in the conflict. This we cannot expect, for in this democratic age the consumer is everything in Britain, and being all-powerful he controls the policy of the State and most certainly the last thing he desires is to stop the inflow of cheap food, whatsoever may be the conditions under which it is produced. If agricultural labour is sweated in Ireland, so much the better, thinks the English consumer, if it results in giving us cheap pork.

I am, etc.,

Thurlow, Suffolk

C. F. RYDER

#### THE DE-RATING SCHEME

SIR,—In your footnote to Mr. Ramsay Muir's letter you say "No system of local taxation that we know or can conceive of, would be perfectly just." I know of one and one only, *taxation on income*. This would meet every difficulty, as no business would pay till it made profit.

I am, etc.,

The Mill, Hornsea, E. Yorks

JOHN HOLLIS

#### UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR,—From another aspect the catering trade provides an illustration in agreement with your view that no Government can cure unemployment. In fact the unemployed members of this trade can attribute their want of occupation to the misguided efforts of our administrators. Successive Governments have granted permission to employers in our hotels and restaurants to enable them to obtain their labour from other European countries, and the present Minister of Labour is not without blame in this connexion. As a consequence, we have nearly 30,000 persons formerly employed in this business now receiving unemployment grants, irrespective of those who have exhausted their benefits.

It is difficult to understand why we pride ourselves upon the rights and privileges of citizens of this country, they seem so vague and nebulous. An interesting point arises to students of constitutional law, what redress is possible under these conditions to the native inhabitants who have been deprived of their means of livelihood through the policy of the State. Can we consider this mal-administration an infringement of our heritage? It is a curious commentary upon a Christian country that public opinion must be aroused to remedy the anomalies of our national life, but under this belated method sectional grievances are inclined to be submerged. The State can compel its constituents to defend her interests and this should imply a corresponding obligation. What then, is the remedy? Is it possible to adopt Lord Macaulay's definition of the business of a Government? To protect the lives and property of the people whose interests have been committed to their care? When this axiom becomes a dominating principle of statecraft, my fellow workers will receive a preference in their own labour market.

I am, etc.,

H. E. HILLS

[Many letters are held over owing to lack of space.  
—Ed. S.R.]

## THE THEATRE

### ADAM AND EVE

BY IVOR BROWN

*Adam's Opera.* By Clemence Dane. Music by Richard Addinsell. Published by Heinemann. The Old Vic.  
*The Lion Tamer.* Adapted by Malise Chance from the French of Alfred Savoir. Arts Theatre Club.

MISS DANE has been working on 'Adam's Opera' from 1923 to 1928, and in the preface to the published version she tells us why, how, and how long it was a-making. I venture to think that the result might have been better if she had written in haste and refused to rewrite at leisure. A fantasy is not best suited by the anxious look of year-long ponderings, and a poetic satire needs speed and strength above all things; especially, if it is designed for the stage, does it need lucidity. In the theatre there is no turning back; points should be precise, episodes clear-cut, and intentions made over-emphatic rather than slurred by too close a cult of subtlety. Continually to reconsider and to reconstruct may only blunt the edge of the indictment and muffle the plain utterance of the satirist's moral protest. 'Adam's Opera' was spoilt for me on the stage by a general atmosphere of muddle and messiness. There were too many people too often on the move. The episodes were not given a chance to develop individuality. The choruses broke into the crises. No sooner was the dialogue under way than melody would break it with a snatch of song. Looking through the text of this ambitious, interesting, and rather baffling piece of work I find the action has to be held up for such a lyric as this:

I am a man of Bloomsbury,  
I am so wondrous wise,  
I sought you in a briar-bush  
And scratched out both my eyes.  
But when they said my eyes were out  
I exercised my brain,  
And jumped into another bush,  
To scratch them in again.  
I am a man of Bloomsbury,  
I am so wondrous wise.

Was it worth stopping for these triflings of song?

Miss Dane's preoccupation with the Muse of the Nursery is a pity. It is obvious all the time that she is really attempting something genuinely fine and large, a dramatic projection of the irony of man's blundering self-mutilations and a vision of the beauty that inspires, mocks, and eludes him. But she cannot settle down to these high matters. She will keep wandering up the garden by way of the nursery and entering entangling alliances with the bonny briar bush, nuts and may, and all the tiresome dilly-dilly dithyrambs of the rhymes-for-toddlers type.

The name of the piece is odd. Adam to me suggests the creature of common clay, the normal and fallible man. But Miss Dane's Adam appears to be a mixture of a new Messiah, the late President Wilson, and an amorous aesthete questing after Beautysprite. Adam is the self-appointed saviour of the mob whom the mob, in its cursory and customary way, despises, rejects, and destroys. He succeeds in waking the Sleeping Beauty, but the millions who walk in their sleep are greatly annoyed by his invasion of the general and jolly torpor; Adam is idealism savaged and stoned by the sleepy realism of the crowd whose gods are Routine and Mrs. Grundy. The dramatist demands that he should arrive dressed in country tweeds, but Mr. John Laurie wore, along with a musical-comedy smile, a cloak which suggested a mimminy-pimminy high-brow instead of a sturdy follower in the band of deliverers which began with Prometheus and will never cease from messages and martyrdom so long as the millions are there to listen



and resent while half-bricks and Home Secretaries are there to finish off the subversive forces.

There is plenty of matter in Miss Dane's cosmic opera, but it needs reshaping, recasting, and reproducing. I suppose that the nearest parallel to her chosen form for satirizing the common man and portraying the sad lot of those who would save him is the early Greek comedy. There is the same mixture of song, dance, and satire, and the civilized Athenian plainly regarded Zeus and Hera with no more respect than Miss Dane pays to Solomon and Mrs. Grundy. But the Greek comedy was written with a spirit and a strength that could be definitely savage; it pursued its laughter without qualms or mercy or any inhibition of propriety. Miss Dane is not another Aristophanes, and, if she were, the Censor would soon "learn" her to be otherwise. But what she might profitably derive from Greek comedy is its respect for form. Aristophanes had to work to a very definite scheme of scene and song, episode and chorus. There was no cluttering of the stage, no medley of unnecessary characters such as smother the satirical intention at the "Old Vic." and substitute a sense of crotchets, fuss and fidgets for the feel of drastic social criticism driven home by the full weight of an expert dramatic method. Mr. Addinsell's music is nicely attuned to the nursery mood which Miss Dane insisted on maintaining. I hope this piece will be done again and done quite differently. The quartette of politicians for ever playing 'Westminster Bridge' must remove their jejune joke and the scurrying and shouting of the newsboys should vanish. Reforms like this would do something to clear the decks, and it seems to me imperative that Adam should look more Promethean and less Byronic; after all, he aims at being a giant-killer with Sloth as foe and not a lady-killer who disarms the maidens with a melting glance.

The Parisian success, 'The Lion Tamer,' has a good enough first act, and for those who find symbolism sufferable the promise is a high one. The butt of the burlesque is the romantic English Milord. The Continent has never forgotten Byron and here is the Hammer of the Hard-Faced Men presented as Baron Gordon, the English nobleman who makes the subject race the object of all his efforts and ideals. Disappointed by the unwillingness of servile man to throw off his bonds, Lord Gordon haunts circuses in the hope of seeing the magnificent lions kill their degraded human trainers. But this eagerness to see the tyrant overthrown is disappointed, and Lord Gordon discovers that he cannot even hurt the villain through his woman. He endeavours to hire a seducer to steal away the lion-tamer's wife, but that daughter of Eve is too much for him. At this point the play errs and strays into mere nastiness. The first slap at English romanticism has been imaginative; the second is mechanical sex-stuff. The piece recovers itself at the end, but, even were the proprieties sufficiently regarded, it is doubtful whether the English public would be as much amused by Lord Gordon as the French were. Miss Muriel Pratt, as the lion-tamer's wife, assumed "vampishness" with industry and made a most welcome return to the stage. I wish her better parts and plays. Mr. Nicholas Hannen was very solemn as his lordship. Perhaps this is how the French regard an English Liberal Romantic; for my own part I would have preferred something more fantastic. After all, it is only our exotic peers who are connoisseurs of revolution as others of race-horses and Mr. Hannen looked beautifully normal. However, I do not pretend to understand the author's intention, and such criticism is made in the most tentative way. Is it the French idea that Lord Gordon is just the representative of John Bull who is ever stolid and sentimental, urbane and idealist at the same moment? There, with a question, I must leave this play which has in places more sting in it than anything in 'Adam's Opera.' I doubt whether either has much chance of popular success.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—146

SET BY IVOR BROWN

A. *Why should not the best poetry as well as the worst doggerel be put in crackers? We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best new and original cracker-poem.*

B. *It is the proper business of a pantomime to include a good food song; such wares as onions, tripe, lard, mince-pies, and treacly pudding have been celebrated. There is room for more and we accordingly offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best new and original Pantomime Food Song, length not to exceed two verses and a chorus.*

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 146a, or LITERARY 146b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Friday, December 21, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of December 29.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 144

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an examination paper for umpires (and spectators) on the laws and practice of cricket. This should consist of not more than six questions and competitors should append their answers, with chapter and verse, to five of them. The sixth should propound one or more cases not authoritatively provided for by the laws or by the rulings of the M.C.C. or elsewhere in the case-law of the game.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation into English verse of the following poem:*

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,  
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;  
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,  
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.  
Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,  
Und ringt die Hände vor Schmerzensgewalt;  
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe—  
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.  
Du Doppeltgänger! du bleicher Geselle!  
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,  
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,  
So manche Nacht in alter Zeit?

HEINRICH HEINE

*Other things being equal, preference will be given to a version that accommodates itself to Schubert's music.*

### REPORT FROM MR. SHANKS

144A. The entries for this competition were few but choice. One of the beauties of cricket is that it has grown gradually from immemorial antiquity (it has been alleged, perhaps playfully, that traces

of the game can be found in the Icelandic sagas) and has always dispensed as much as possible with formal legislation. It therefore depends to a considerable extent on tradition, precedent and case-law, whereas other games are governed by rigid codes. Cricket, in consequence, makes a fruitful field for the learned and the ingenious, and competitors have richly displayed both learning and ingenuity. Some questions that I hoped to see do not appear. One would defeat many even of the instructed. In how many ways can a batsman be out off a genuine "wide"? Some forget "stumped" and most forget "hit wicket." For the sixth, the unanswerable question, I should like to have seen either of the following: (1) The batting side requires one run to win, when No. 11, Mr. Rabbit, comes in to take the last ball of the over and places himself fifteen yards to the leg-side of the wicket but within an imaginary extension of the popping crease. The bowler bowls down the wicket. Is the batsman out? (2) The batsman strikes the ball into the umpire's pocket. The umpire hands it to the bowler, who appeals for a catch. What is the proper verdict? All the competitors were so good that it has been hard to choose among them. James Hall, Pantarei and H. P. Dixon are commended. I recommend that the first and second prizes be lumped together and divided between M. M. Snow (especially for her Question 6), and James Carroll.

#### THE WINNING ENTRIES

##### (I)

Q. 1. In a two-day match Captain A (batting side), one hour before close of play, says to Captain B: "We will put you in now." Captain B says: "You can't—it would not give us  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours batting." Captain A says: "Very well, we'll go on batting." Captain B: "Pardon me, you have declared your innings closed."

Result: No more play that day. (Actual case.)

What is the law on which Captain B relies, and what ought, as a matter of fact, to have happened?

A. 1. Law 54: In a two-day match the captain of the batting side has power to declare his innings at a close at any time, but such declaration may not be made on the first day later than one hour and forty minutes before the time agreed upon for drawing stumps.

Since Captain A could not lawfully declare his innings closed, his side should have continued to bat.

Q. 2. What is the score for a no-ball which goes to the boundary, and where is it entered

- (a) when it does not touch bat or batsman?
- (b) off batsman's leg?
- (c) off the bat?

A. 2. (a) 4 no-balls.  
(b) 4 no-balls.  
(c) 4 runs. (Law 16.)

Q. 3. What are the dimensions of  
(a) the bat?  
(b) the bowling crease?

A. 3. (a) Law 5: The bat shall not exceed four inches and one-quarter in the widest part; it shall not be more than thirty-eight inches in length.

(b) Eight feet eight inches. (Law 7.)

Q. 4. Can a man be given out l.b.w. off a full pitch?

A. 4. Law 24: . . . or, if with any part of his person he stops the ball, which, in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket, *shall have been pitched* in a straight line, etc.

However, as a matter of practice the batsman is given out if the ball would, in the opinion of the umpire, have hit the wicket, e.g., Sandham was thus l.b.w. to Hearne at Lord's in 1920.

Q. 5. If a bowler suddenly bowls a ball round the wicket, after bowling over it, what action should the square-leg umpire take, assuming the bowler's umpire takes none?

A. 5. Call no-ball, and instruct bowler to give warning of his intention to change. (Law 43: The umpires are the sole judges of fair or unfair play.)

Law 48: If *either* umpire be not satisfied of the *absolute* fairness of the delivery of any ball, he shall call "no-ball."

Instructions of October, 1923: A bowler can bowl round and over the wicket in the same over; but he should give the batsman an opportunity of taking a fresh guard.

Q. 6. If, after "covering up," the batsman in bringing his bat down displaces a bail, is he out or not?

JAMES CARROLL

##### (II)

Q. 1. Mention any circumstances in which, the ball having been struck twice, it is possible for the batsman to score runs.

A. 1. If the ball has been lawfully struck twice and an overthrow is made, he is entitled to the runs which follow. (Law 27. Note 2. M.C.C. decision.)

Q. 2. Can an appeal be made after an over is called?

A. 2. Yes, within the allotted time, i.e., not after the delivery of the next ball, nor after any cessation of play. (Law 50, and note.)

Q. 3. A, the striker, drives a ball back to B, a fieldsman, who grabs at it and turns it on to the form of C, the batsman, at the other end. On the rebound B succeeds this time in making the catch. How's that?

A. 3. A retires caught and bowled. (Laws 22, 32.)  
(A real incident at Lord's. North v. South, 1900.)

Q. 4. If the striker's cap falls on the wicket and dislodges a bail, will he be out?

A. 4. Yes. Hit wicket—if while playing at the ball, but not otherwise. (Law 25. Note 3.)

Q. 5. The umpire at the bowler's end calls a No Ball. A, the striker, in playing at the ball, fails to touch it, and, being out of his ground, the wicket is broken by the wicket-keeper with the ball in his hand. On appeal he is given out. How?

A. 5. Run out. (Laws 28, 16.)

Q. 6. Two teams are playing a match. One has finished its innings, the other has lost nine wickets, and has still two runs to make to win. One of the batsmen hits the ball a tremendous balloon, and the ball breaks into two halves in the air. A fielder fails to catch one half in its descent, but picks it up, as the batsman starts to run again, throws in quickly, and hits the wicket when one batsman was out of his crease. How's that?

(A real incident from Wellington, N.Z. April, 1922.)

M. M. SNOW

144B. The results here were disappointing. The simplicity of Heine is not easy to render and is certainly not rendered by the simplicity of

To-day, although she comes no more,  
The house stands where it stood before.

The word "Doppelgänger" was a stumbling-block to most, though "doubleganger" is perfectly good Scots and might have been used without incongruity. J. W. Pepper is the only entrant to think of the obvious and effective "fetch," and for this reason and because his version can be sung to Schubert's music he is awarded the second prize. I do not recommend anyone for the first prize. I thank the two competitors who appended the notes of the song and regret that their translations were not quite on a level with their thoughtfulness.

#### SECOND PRIZE

Calm is the night, the streets are all sleeping,

The house my love once lived in is there;

Long, long ago she left its keeping

But still the house stands in the city square.

There stands, too, and wrings his hands, a lone being

Who gazes upward and wearily moans;

The moon shines out, and I shudder, seeing

My own wraith there on the desolate stones.

Thou fetch of myself! in fantastic fashion,

Whyapest thou with mop and mow

The gestures of the lover's passion

I suffered here so long ago?

J. W. PEPPER



## BACK NUMBERS—CIII

ALL men are agreed in praising Max, and the coincidence of a new fairy-tale and a new exhibition of caricatures has just set them repeating the things everyone has been saying of him for years. It seems superfluous to add a word to the concert of eulogy. But besides Max the world's possession there is Max the Saturday Reviewer of long ago, and I think people forget what manner of writer he was. When they tell one that he is a charming trifler, a dainty amateur of letters, and so forth, I am moved to ask whether it belongs to the character of a trifler to give twelve years to the labour of dramatic criticism and of an amateur to maintain his level throughout such a period.

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For all those years Max was engaged, in this paper, in a crusade. Now, it is not very difficult for the prophet, the puritan, the hearty iconoclast, the swash-buckler of journalism to keep up the fight for a decade or a lifetime. A man who goes into journalism in the spirit of, say, the late W. T. Stead, is buoyed up continuously by belief in his mission and unhampered by any intellectual scruples and untroubled by fear of being thought rowdy. The part of the fanatic, if nature has equipped one for it, is easy to play. What is difficult is zeal on behalf of moderation, passion for the amenities, tirelessness in demanding the repose which is the last reward of culture. And these were the merits, among others, of Max in the SATURDAY.

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The trouble with reformers is that, in their concern for the end, they forget to keep the means worthy. Excellent, one says to them; thanks to your heroic efforts the world has been at long last rid of an abomination; but unfortunately the process has involved injury to some of the things which make it a world worth living in. The particular controversy has been closed, with the triumph of right, but all subsequent controversies will be a little more vulgar in consequence of the methods adopted in it. And that is a very serious consideration; for it is by controversy that we live. By all means let us have the Augean stables cleaned up, but not at the price of becoming a nation of scavengers.

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The danger was perceived before Max by Matthew Arnold. Acutely aware of the ugly seriousness and provincial brutality of most controversy in England, he made for himself a prose manner which can be defended by many arguments but which annoyed very many people favourable to his cause. Perhaps he was not really emancipated enough. That kid-gloved manner was put on by a man who, for all his exquisite culture and his genius as a poet, was the product of a very robust Philistinism—David, the son of Goliath. One was conscious of a certain incongruity. And indeed Arnold, with his most admirable general principles, could on occasion be very provincial in his judgments, as in the notorious nonsense about French poetry and about Shelley.

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If Arnold was a dandy in controversy, it was largely in assumption of a manner. But Max was a dandy by birth. He really was a man of the world; he really did observe the human, or rather the metropolitan, comedy with that nice blend of curiosity and indifference, and was not pretending to do so in order to

irritate the over-serious. There was no more fear of his pose breaking down than there was of Hawtrey breaking down in a lie. It was a pose, but in no other attitude could Max confront what the London of his period offered him. There he was, perfectly dressed, in the stalls, politely ready for entertainment, incapable of being either carried away by the enthusiasm of the audience or provoked by its noisy dissent. Nothing could ruffle him. A gentleman does not enter on a controversy or end it with his collar crumpled and his tie under one ear, or howl down an opponent, or invoke the chucker-out.

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Of course, there are things in life which cannot be fully appreciated from the position Max consistently occupied. Even in that matter of dramatic criticism Max had evident limitations. The man who wrote the enchantingly lunatical letters to a friend in China and stammered out bad puns was also the author of the most fundamental criticism of some of the very greatest things in Elizabethan drama; but Max is not Charles Lamb. The heights and depths are not to be surveyed by him. No one knows it better; no one since Pater has been more careful to work only within his proper limits.

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So working, he has given us a small quantity of literature which is almost without flaw. But I am not concerned here to estimate his whole achievement as a writer. All I wish to do is to remind people that this exquisite, this trifler, spent twelve years in the wearing grind of dramatic criticism, emerging from it without a trace of the conflict. From time to time during those years it was necessary for him to insult someone; but you will search his articles in vain for the kind of thing a man blushes for afterwards. The voice never became shrill, the nice conduct of the cane was not forgotten even when it was applied to an adversary. That his dramatic criticism did a great deal of good is not my point; rather would I dwell upon the fact that he enriched the art of dramatic, and other, criticism. For twelve years he was an incarnated proof that bricks can be made without straw, that bricks need not be dropped or thrown about, and that their production does not necessitate grime or a coarse industriousness.

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There is no contemporary reputation built up on a smaller or a safer foundation. But in truth there has been no building up. One day in the 'nineties people became aware that very clever young Mr. Beerbohm was more than very clever, and said of course they had known as much all along. I suppose his public has grown, but so far as one can judge from one's own acquaintances, people are neither more nor less enthusiastic about him than they were twenty years ago. There has never been any wrangling about his merits. If there exist people who do not recognize them, they keep silent. He moves through the decades to the murmur of general approval. It would be quite wrong if at any stage there was an outburst of tumultuous applause, and horrid if he were discovered by some new public. Obscurity would never have suited him, nor limelight. A pleasantly subdued illumination is his due, and he has it. He has always, in his quiet way, managed to get his due; which is not the achievement of a trifler. He has done what very few but great writers do: he has secured precisely the kind of celebrity he desired.

STET.

## REVIEWS

## THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX

By T. EARLE WELBY

*Essays in Satire.* By Ronald Knox. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

BROADLY, the laughter of those who wrote before the late Victorian, still continuing vogue of merely humorous writing is the laughter of men in some sort superior, as possessed of reason in an unreasonable world, or enlightened by a revelation, or combatant in a great cause; and, broadly again, the laughter of those who have written since is the laughter of men who confess with a smile their inferiority. It is easy to cite exceptions, but the contrast exists, and is worth dwelling upon, for it explains why a book like this of Father Ronald Knox's, or one of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's political novels, is a rarity and disconcerts the patron of the circulating libraries. Much, certainly, can be got out of an amused sense of inferiority; next to a thoroughly human vanity, a sense of inferiority is the best equipment of a certain kind of essayist or letter-writer. With what affection do we recall the humilities as well as the boastings of Charles Lamb! But what was inspiration has become a trick. It can be learned; and it is, chiefly at the two older universities, which year by year send down on the literary world young men quite perfectly expert in that business of running, with gracefully rueful gestures, with the hare, though never a young man with any zeal for hunting with the hounds. Week by week, in the recognized place of entertainment, they parade themselves, the smiling victims of petty mischance, inviting us in neat, thin prose, or neat, thin verse, to sympathize with their little difficulties. A vast public appreciates them; and if any man criticize them, he will be asked what harm they do.

They do this harm, that they have educated the public out of all appreciation of satire. What place should there be, in that world of genteel jocosity, where all the jokes are against the jester, for the humour that is the servant of wisdom or of a noble folly, and brings the sword of the spirit, or in a fiercely ironical condescension the weapons of the world, into that giggling armistice? Father Ronald Knox, in the first paper in his volume, looks about for recent satire, and has difficulty in naming any books but those of Mr. Belloc, in one of his many modes, and the one perfect thing that the late W. H. Mallock did. He glances also at W. S. Gilbert, and it is proof of his independence that he does not swoon in adulation over it. It pleased many people to call Gilbert the English Aristophanes: in charity, let it pass as only their fun. If a man, however accomplished in the manufacture of tidy plots and pointed rhymes, looks at the human comedy with only the eye of a lawyer-logician, he must not expect promotion to a place among the supreme masters. Where Father Knox should have searched is in Villiers de l'Isle Adam, the one man of the modern world who has written profound satire. There, in those books in which an immensely proud mind stoops, in sublime mockery, to the world's level to applaud "progress," to propose, in the true scientific spirit, the chemical analysis of the materials of the Last Supper, and to salute man's dissipation of the mystery hitherto surrounding life, we have the modern world defeated with its own weapon; and the victor, great gentleman as he is, wipes the contamination of the hilt from his hand as unobtrusively as possible.

But Father Ronald Knox, the historian of satire, is less important than the practitioner. Here, at last, is humour with an edge to it, used by a man who is aware of his right to attack the things he dislikes.

We may take almost any page with confidence that the matter of it will be worthy of the treatment, a very rare thing in a period in which humour has become an affair of style applied to barely existent substance. Here, at random, is a passage from 'The New Sin':

The Broad Church point of view was perhaps best represented by a thoughtful article from a well-known theologian, Canon Dives. Sin, he argued, was only an upward step in the direction of righteousness, nay, in a sense it was the unformed matter out of which righteousness itself took shape. Innocence which had never experienced and triumphed over sin was, properly speaking, no innocence at all. By parity of reasoning, the more sins you had become acquainted with and fought with, the more perfect did your innocence become. Professor Lalieb, then, in giving us a wholly new sin, was giving us the opportunity of overcoming a wholly new temptation; and since virtues differ specifically according to the sins they avoid, as temperance, humility, etc., it was plain that he had, consciously or unconsciously, provided us with a hitherto unknown virtue.

Or take the pamphlet on 'Reunion All Round,' that persuasive argument for including in the Church of England all "Mahometans, Jews, Buddhists, Brahmins, Papists, and Atheists," or 'A New Cure for Religion.' But it will be still better to turn to the verse.

One merit of this writer's satire cannot well be expected in verse. That wicked moderation which marks the prose of all our greater satirists, of Swift and of Samuel Butler, is rarely to be achieved in verse. Metrical movement is hostile, for one thing, to the lingering over the little word which, like "some" in Gibbon, carries all the poison. But if an enemy's position cannot be sapped in verse as in prose, it is inevitably in verse that the grand assault is delivered. Here is Father Ronald Knox with his exercise after Dryden, 'Absolute and Abitofhell':

Yet, lest some envious Critick might complain  
The Bible had been jettisoned in vain,  
Pellucid Jabbok showed us how much more  
The Bible meant to us than e'er before.  
Twelve Prophets our unlearn'd forefathers knew,  
We are scarce satisfied with twenty-two:  
A single Psalmist was enough for them,  
Our List of Authors rivals A. & M.:  
They were content Mark, Matthew, Luke and John  
Should bless th' old-fashioned Beds they lay upon:  
But we, for every one of theirs, have two,  
And trust the watchfulness of blessed Q.

There is stroke after stroke which Dryden himself would not have disdained. I do not say that there is Dryden's poetry, or the sinewy energy of his sustained argument, or that peculiar resonance by which a line of him is instantly recognized; but the separate strokes are not unworthy of him:

For he, discerning with nice arguings  
'Twixt non-essential and essential Things,  
Himself believing, could no reason see  
Why any other should believe, but he.

But the book is not all conceived in that spirit. In the critical examination of the authorship of 'In Memoriam,' Father Knox follows lightly, and no doubt unconsciously, in the footsteps of Swinburne, who "proved" it to be by Darwin, whereas here we are persuaded it was by Queen Victoria. The 'Studies in Sherlock Holmes' are good fun, but of a kind which might have come from several other contemporary pens, and though the invention of authorities is ingeniously done, there is none so happily thought upon as that 'Vie Amoureuse du Dr. Watson,' which another wit placed on the shelf of an imaginary library. The pleasant paper on Trollope, again, is beside the purpose of this collection of satires.

It would be comforting to say that, by virtue of the undiluted satires, this book will be a landmark in the literature of our time; but the chances are that it will be nothing of the sort. Several of the pieces in the book have been well known for years to a limited public, at first hand or by repute, and they have had no influence whatever. People will read the book in which they have been brought together, and laugh, and



quote good things, and that will be the end of the matter. We do not understand satire any longer. It is interesting to us historically, but we assume that the world to-day is devoid of the matter on which Dryden and Pope fastened, and that in the whole of a London season's entertaining there is no Trimalchio's feast. Actually, the world can never have been half so rich in opportunities for the satirist, and it is not to be doubted, with this book before us, that it contains to-day a satirist of very high rank. But though a man may write on through a lifetime of sheer neglect or of abuse, who is going to write on for people who share the joke and dismiss it as no more than a joke? We shall have to deserve our satirists, in the other sense of deserve, before we have them.

## TYNESIDE

*Industrial Tyneside: a Social Survey made for the Bureau of Social Research for Tyneside.* By Henry A. Mess. Benn. 10s. 6d.

FEW records bear more tragic human interest than the changes of Tyneside. Since the time of the religious settlements in Holy Island and Lindisfarne the men of the Tyne have been outstanding in history. There were the great baronial feuds between the Percies of Northumberland and the Bishops of Durham, the border fights and the border legends. Then the development of shipping and the isolated prestige of Newcastle, followed by the discovery of coal and a great trade with London, changed again for a great export trade with America and the Continent. The rise of various smaller industries, of alkali chalk, of pig iron, of steel foundries; the launching of great battle-ships; the widening of the river; dreadnoughts; the *Mauretania*; and the war. Then the short illusory period of industrial prosperity immediately after the war, followed in its turn by the beginning of the coal failure; a decrease in the demand for armaments; loss of shipping. Finally the Tyneside of to-day, with much of its grandeur gone. A distressed area, over-populated by a stale, sullen, dogged population—accustomed only to overcoming difficulties and unwilling to confess itself nearly beaten by circumstances—ill-equipped with health services, inadequately employed, inadequately paid, inadequately housed; poor and over-burdened by rates, with each overgrown parish jealously proud of its tiny parochial rights and envious of its neighbours, and the whole area so far away from the central government that few pay attention to its needs and to its complaints. Nothing could illustrate more poignantly the merciless pressure of human progress than these historical facts about Tyneside. Mr. Mess and his colleagues have done well to try to call attention to them and to contrast them with the needs of the moment.

Their book demonstrates—what should have been manifest years ago—the complete unity of both banks of the Tyne as one local government area based upon the needs of an industrial and urbanized population. The overlong persistence of present obsolete artificial boundaries has brought with it a trail of waste and neglect, provoking ignorance and ill-health and providing a basis for class warfare. In 1928 local government in Tyneside is almost as glaring an anachronism as local government in London in the days of the vestries and before the passing of the Ritchie Act in 1888. There is almost no co-ordination, not even for education and for health. Rival hospitals and rival schools stand back to back in neighbouring urban districts. According to the 1921 census returns over a quarter of a million people were living in Tyneside in conditions

which the census described as overcrowded. Only in Whitley and Gosforth do the overcrowding figures represent less than 20 per cent. of the population; elsewhere they represent between 30 and 50 per cent. In 1925, during the smallpox epidemic, over 400 cases were reported in Blaydon. The average infant mortality rate for urban districts in England and Wales is 70 per 1,000. In five of the fourteen districts of Tyneside it is over 100; in only one, Whitley, does it fall below the average. Everywhere throughout Tyneside fecundity and poverty are found side by side. There is no maternity home on the south bank of the river. The Medical Officer of Jarrow has said that a maternity home is "now almost a necessity" in view of the number of one- and two-roomed dwellings. It is impossible to point to an index of health in which Tyneside is not below the average for England and Wales. Its death rate, its infant mortality rate, its maternity rate, its tubercular rate, all exceed the average. The highest Tyneside birth-rates are to be found in Hebburn and Jarrow, and low birth-rates which fall below the average for England and Wales only in the two rich residential districts north of the Tyne.

The production of this carefully documented book is indeed timely. It is evident that during the period of its greatest prosperity Tyneside was too busy to care much about the condition of its inhabitants. Now, when new industries must be founded and workers must be encouraged to become less disgruntled, a more efficient and a more just system of local government must be an essential of revival. Much will depend upon the local attitude towards the Onslow proposals in Mr. Chamberlain's Local Government Bill. If old jealousies persist an opportunity for reform may be missed. This book should help to concentrate local and national attention upon the broader aspects of reform and to push parochial interests into the background.

## VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

*Religious Fanaticism.* Edited with an Introduction by Ray Strachey. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

MRS. STRACHEY follows up her novel 'Shaken by the Wind,' which provoked much comment, with this account of the actual events upon which it was based. The book is in two parts: a description by Mrs. Strachey of some of the peculiar religious sects of nineteenth-century America, followed by extracts from the papers of her grandmother, Hannah Whitall Smith, in which some of these same sects are described from actual contact with them. The latter has a documentary value for the study of the subject, and Mrs. Strachey's account is useful in connexion with it, though there is sometimes evidence of incomplete mastery of the ramifications of some of these manifestations, as indeed must be inevitable. "Bundling," for example, was an established American custom in the eighteenth century, though it may be objected that the term was used in a different, certainly a wider sense.

The curious excesses described have been for the most part paralleled in the earlier history of Europe, but at least one of these sects seems unique, the Perfectionists of Oneida, who taught and practised group marriage on religious grounds. John Humphrey Noyes became convinced that the failure of the Fourier Phalanxes was due to "the exclusiveness involved in the ordinary conception of sexual love and marriage." His new commandment was that

"we love one another, and that not by pairs, but *en masse*." He continues: "The fashion of the world forbids a man and a woman who are otherwise appropriated to love one another fervently, but if they obey Christ they must do this." And his conclusion was clearly expressed:

Love is not a sin. Susceptibility to love is not burnt out by one honeymoon or satisfied with one love. On the contrary, the more you do the more you can. It is the law of Nature.

In deference to public sentiment the practice of "Complex Marriage" was ultimately given up, marriage arrangements became normal and the community became a Joint Stock Company. The story of Thomas Lake Harris and his relations with and influence upon the unfortunate Oliphants, is a more tragic story. And there are others of differing degrees of dreadfulness.

The temper in which Hannah Whitall Smith approached the study of these genuine manifestations of abnormal religiosity is indicated in the words she prefaces to the record of her experiences:

I would place at the entrance into the pathway of mysticism this danger signal: Beware of impressions, beware of emotions, beware of physical thrills, beware of voices, beware of everything, in short, that is not according to the strict Biblical standard and to your own highest reason.

Mrs. Strachey writes in a spirit of warning, which she expresses in her concluding paragraph:

The forces of diseased imagination are playing still upon the mass of the ill-educated and ignorant, bringing disaster and pitiful human tragedy in their train. Though they take different forms to-day, miracles, marvels, false hopes and vain delusions are still betraying men's emotions and confounding their senses, and disaster still comes into the world from the false promptings of the spirit. Subconscious impulses still disguise themselves as inspiration, and mankind still seeks Divine sanction for its secret, uncomprehended desires. For Babylon is not fallen, and "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."

That mystic experience or religious observance should have been repeatedly sought by some via asceticism and by others through eroticism is to us an odd, if familiar, fact of human history, but it is one which we may, perhaps, some day feel we understand better than we do at present.

## UNHAPPY WIVES

*The Diary of Dostoyevsky's Wife.* Edited by R. Fulop Miller and Dr. Fr. Eckstein. Translated by Madge Pemberton. Gollancz. 21s.

*The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife.* Translated by Alexander Werth. Gollancz. 21s.

IT is bad enough, so one gathers, and humiliating enough, to be a wife at all; it is worse to be the wife of a genius; and it is worst of all if that genius happens also to be a Russian. It must be confessed that these two books confirm that impression. Two more dismally unsatisfactory husbands than Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky it would be almost impossible to imagine. It is not only that they make a ridiculous muddle of their private affairs, but that they are not even amusing about it. Having "let down" their wives in every way, they come home and sit sniffing over the samovar like two comic characters in a caricature Russian play. Tolstoy reserved all his genius for his public and only his less amiable eccentricities for his wife. Dostoyevsky combined the sensual passions of a "cave-man" with the unmanliness of a temperance lecturer. He was always either shouting at his wife or grovelling before her. It is well known, of course, that he was a confirmed gambler, and the

whole story of his life at Dresden, Baden-Baden and Basle (the period covered by this diary) is, from the point of view of his wife, who keeps the diary, one long, sordid struggle to procure the ordinary necessities of life. Often they went without their dinner, because he had taken the last shilling and lost it in the "rooms." He made her pawn her jewellery, even her clothes, and she had to write begging letters to her mother (whom she adored), asking for more money, at a time when the mother herself had the bailiffs in the house. Here is a characteristic entry:

This morning Fyodor took five out of the twelve gold pieces we now had, and went to the Rooms. When he had gone, I was in the depths of despair, feeling quite certain that he would lose it all again and come back fretting. I began to cry bitterly. My fears were all confirmed, for Fyodor returned desperate. He had lost everything and now wanted just two more gold pieces, saying he must try his luck once more, he simply *must*, at all costs. He knelt at my feet and implored me to give him the two gold pieces. Seeing him in such a state, I naturally could not refuse. . . .

In point of fact, she never did refuse, though she likes to write in this firm way in her diary. She was always so "sorry" for him. He must have had irresistible charm, this Fyodor of hers; indeed, she says so more than once, but lacks the literary skill to convey it. He was moody and irritable, and had an ignoble passion for ices, so that he would get up and walk out of a restaurant if ices did not figure on the bill. He was a great genius, but he behaved to his wife like a common cad. And she forgave him every time. She had, perhaps, the greater genius of the two.

This must have been an extraordinarily difficult book to translate; for Mme. Dostoyevsky, that silly, rather vulgar little saint, presumably wrote in a kind of Russian prose which would never have passed the critical eye of Fyodor. (He knew she kept a diary and often asked to see it, but she steadily refused.) The translator has got round the difficulty by the introduction of such expressions as "rather skimpy," "ever so early," "he eats out of my hand," and so forth; and the result, on the whole, is highly satisfactory, for we feel that this is exactly as she really did talk.

Tolstoy, of course, married quite another kind of wife, and never had much reason to congratulate himself upon it. His Countess had even less. In every respect she was the precise opposite of Dostoyevsky's Anna. Hard, intelligent, ladylike, so sure of herself and her judgment—her firm-lipped portrait stares steadily out at us from the frontispiece of this very welcome English edition of her diary, which only appeared for the first time in Russian three months ago. Yet in fairness to her we are bound to admit that all the icicles seem to have grown upon her after marriage. She always wanted to be beloved ("yet I find it so difficult to make people love me") and at the beginning she loved her husband "terribly, terribly." But she soon realized that he was "too old and solemn," and she could never conquer her disgust at seeing his peasant friends sprawling over her drawing-room. This is a gloomy record, spread over many years: she turns to the diary in her moods of depression, reversing the motto of the sundial in counting only the clouded hours. Yet one feels, even then, that the situation might have been saved if she could have trusted her husband:

I simply cannot reconcile the ideas of woman's marriage and man's debauchery. Marriage cannot be happy after the husband's debauchery. It is a constant wonder to me that we have kept it up so long. What saved our marriage was my childlike innocence and my instinct of self-preservation. I instinctively closed my eyes on the past, and deliberately refrained from reading these diaries and from questioning him about his past. Otherwise it would have been the end for us both. He doesn't realize that my purity alone saved us from perdition. But it's perfectly true.

No, perhaps, on the whole, it was impossible that either of these two should have been happy in marriage.



## ARTISTIC ERUDITION

*A Dictionary of Florentine Painters.* By Sir Dominic Colnaghi. Edited by P. G. Konody and Selwyn Brinton. The Bodley Head. £3 3s.

*The Poems of Nizami.* Described by Laurence Binyon. The Studio. 30s.

THERE was a time when the term "learned painting" was occasionally heard and it implied a knowledge of the job. A painter was described as learned if he was a master of anatomy and perspective, understood the use of his materials from a technical point of view and had an easy grasp of certain principles of composition and of the science of colour. I would not say that the term was always suitably applied, or indeed that there ever have been painters who quite deserved it; but it implied high praise and expressed a consciousness that there did exist at least potentially a kind of learning which had really something to do with painting. The literature of artistic erudition which has assumed such vast proportions during the last twenty or thirty years is less and less concerned with how or why a work of art is produced—more and more anxious to clear up when and by whom.

To this branch of study Sir Dominic's Dictionary is a valuable contribution and it will be indispensable to every one who deals commercially in works of the Florentine School. It sets out rather to give whatever information the author has been able to glean about even the most obscure painters of the school than to deal fully with those better known. One is thus likely to find in these pages the name of every artist of the school to whom any existing picture has ever been attributed, and a good many none of whose pictures are known to survive, but of whose names there is mention in the records of the Guild of Artists in Florence (of which the work is very largely an index). These latter artists one may, with a little learning and impudence, utilize as parents for any pictures which may turn up of Florentine origin and unknown authorship.

In the hands of the enterprising dealer, indeed, this book is a weapon; in the hands of the vulnerable millionaire a possible shield. It is doubtful whether its amazing wealth of trivial detail is otherwise of much value. It is a good example of its class inasmuch as its author at least talks no nonsense; he simply offers an endless chronicle of small beer. It is interesting for an artist to dip into, but rather I think because he alone has the kind of imagination which can make these dry bones live. To suggest to anyone else that he is likely to increase his artistic sensibility by delving in its pages would be absurd. Yet of such matter I believe are "cultural" lectures largely made up, and it is interesting to speculate upon what might have been the history of artistic appreciation in our time if Vasari had not been so immensely a chatterbox and thus so irresistibly a temptation.

Into the blend of pedantry and prattling which constitutes the modern literature of art, Mr. Laurence Binyon has occasionally dropped a *mot*, which argued some insight into its principles and practice and a pretty wit. On the present occasion he rather keeps his nose to the ground in the rôle of the sober official steadily offering information—not always of a kind which helps to an understanding of the æsthetic qualities of the picture which are the *raison d'être* of the book, but testifying to his knowledge of history in its more recondite (and speculative) phases. The sixteen illuminated illustrations to the Poems are admirably reproduced and on a scale which permits of something like justice being done to the extreme executive delicacy of the originals.

The authors of these pictures were, within their limitations, learned painters. Innocent of perspective and of all but the simplest anatomy, they were lovely technicians, using it may be but a simple set of methods but with an intensity of watchfulness over the behaviour of their materials which keeps the beholder also on the tip-toe of interest at the sight of such perfect manipulation. They laid lines with fastidious elegance, but we must not in describing them as line draughtsmen lose sight of their usually very fine sense of the construction and development of an area on its implied axes and internal thrusts. The best of the pictures in this collection show a fine restraint in the composition of an area, with its general compactness, its prudently allowed occasional excursion into fantastic slimness. They enjoyed the typical game of the tapestry designer of alternating rich close pattern with flat masses. They show great adroitness in taking a few colours and so displaying them in various comparisons as to wring from them the most varied flavour. They measure with such nicety the weight of light and dark in each of their colour-notes used as to give a lovely colour quality to their white and what stands for but usually just is not their black.

I am not out to argue that they are all equally good. There are few, indeed, which have not occasional feeble passages which might be read by the impressionable art student as authority for endless and aimless embroidery. They should be studied for their qualities (Plate VII—Shirin bathing seen by Khosru—is perhaps the finest of the series) with due apprehension of the moment when the fluent becomes the flaccid. Of their kind, though, it would be difficult to find more attractive examples, and everyone concerned in the enterprise of their publication is entitled to congratulation.

WALTER BAYES

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by

RICHARD WILHELM

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'By far the most illuminating of the many volumes on China that have been written by foreigners since the advance of the Nationalists from Canton forced their country on the attention of the world. *The Soul of China* is written by a German educationist who has spent twenty-five years in the country, much of the time as a Chinese official in the most intimate contact with the Chinese. . . . It is a noble and delightful book, so fine, indeed, that it glows with life.'

*Manchester Guardian*

Translated by J. H. REECE

Poems translated by ARTHUR WALEY

15s. net

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JONATHAN CAPE LONDON

## QUID PRO QUAD?

*Alma Mater, or the Future of Oxford and Cambridge.* By Julian Hall. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

MR. HALL reminds us that when the Armistice was signed he was a boy of eleven. The word pre-war no longer recalls experience to the undergraduate and throughout his essay about Oxford and Cambridge he shows no sign of appreciating, or even acknowledging, the history or tradition of the Universities. It is true he is discussing the future use of the quadrangle; but to dissociate so drastically the future from the past is really to be a Wellsian romantic who brushes aside the facts when he does not care about them. Mr. Hall believes that the Universities will become specialized research-stations for adult and permanent workers. There will be no undergraduates lodging there for three or four years and moving on. "Given the new education in schools, given a unification of enterprise, our need of a modern university disappears." Mr. Hall has been reading Mr. Wells's 'Open Conspiracy,' and is inclined to the easy scheming of world-reform. So, at a motion of his pen, the history of the older Universities, their tradition, their legal obligations, their duties to trusts and benefactors, all vanish. Prophecy of this kind is easy enough and may be entertaining with its brusque dismissals, but it is scarcely useful.

But, as a matter of fact, it is only in the last few pages of his essay that Mr. Hall is actually considering the future of the don and the colleges. The greater part of his space is given up to the analysis of the young idea. He divides the modern undergraduate community into Wellsian Conspirators; that is to say, optimists who believe that something can be done, and sceptics who cheerfully accept the conclusion that it cannot, agree with Mr. Beverley Nichols that "Futility can be Great Fun," and are content with "a happy agnosticism, in no way unpoetical, the sort of emotion which enables one to love the moon without believing it to be peopled by fairies." The party of faith believes in a minority drive to reconstruct the cosmic scheme; the unfaithful young man, on the other hand, is "conscious of nothing except persons as having any existence. He knows no objective values, no church, no cause, no university, no society." Few, if any, seriously believe in the existing machinery of politics, or the spirit behind the machine. It is a sad view which Mr. Hall takes of the quadrangle and its egoists, and we can only trust that in his survey of young scepticism he has been more picturesque than realistic. On the whole his book, which has a rather charming simplicity of mind, acts as a lively stimulus to gloom.

## GILBERT WHITE

*Gilbert White: Pioneer, Poet and Stylist.* By Walter Johnson. Murray. 15s.

NOTHING could be more difficult to criticize fairly than Mr. Johnson's commentary on Gilbert White, for it combines a great many of the elements of a very good book and a very bad one, which are left quite unfused, to crop out alternately in a most bewildering way. While claiming to judge White as a stylist, he suffers himself from some particularly crude faults in that direction, of which the most exasperating is his habit of dropping into a series of metaphors representing White as standing his trial while Mr. Johnson, with a noble flow of rhetoric, defends him. Thus he will say:

Complaint has been made that White takes but little notice of the progress of natural history during his own lifetime. The charge is true, but . . .

These citations practically cover the whole of the charges, and one must allow that a laugh cuts the matter short, and the defendant is gladly acquitted. . .

I will try to summarize the case impartially that we may see exactly how matters stand; further criticism may then be left to the mutineers and malcontents of literature.

Beside this self-conscious advocacy (which is the more uncalled-for because so much of it is clearly directed against the sound and impersonal views of Miall and Warde Fowler—the only conscientious editors White has ever had) there is much else in more or less the same vein. Where Mr. Johnson surpasses himself is in his discussion of style, when he says:

Above all these elements, yet in a sense embracing them, is the charm of White's style, using that indefinable term in the widest admitted sense. The value of this factor has often been expressed, and by none more concisely than by Mr. Robert Blatchford, an author whose own prose style is marvellously fine. He is comparing Ruskin with White, and, among other acute observations, delivers this telling epigram: "Ruskin possesses facility, and White felicity of language." This is excellent, but not exhaustive, and the subject must be more closely analysed if we are to wrest the secret from the book.

With this excellent object Mr. Johnson writes two more pages, in the course of which he compares 'Selborne' to the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' Pepys's 'Diary,' Cooper's 'Purgatory of Suicides,' and Samuel Bamford's 'Passages in the Life of a Radical,' among other works, before bringing this illuminating literary criticism to a close with the observation:

After employing this roundabout method of attacking the problem, we have to confess that, as there is no accepted standard of style, so there is no strict canon by which White can be tested. . . . We thus get hints and half-lights thrown on the secret, but never a full interpretation.

Since Mr. Johnson also persists in speaking of "the master" or of "another little quip from the 'Antiquities,'" we have to admit that no one who appreciates 'Selborne' is likely to read this commentary without frequently being made to wince. Nevertheless it is worth reading, for however execrable his manner may sometimes be, Mr. Johnson's matter is monumental. He is apt to devote too much space to the exposure of long-scorched fallacies, and sometimes we notice slips or minor errors of fact, as when he misquotes White's description of himself, refers an entry to 1774 instead of 1784, or misspells the naturalist Willughby's name. He also fails to discover that the "neighbour's peacocks" were at Bradley, and the "friend" with the goldfish was Brother Henry at Fyfield. But his work on the whole represents an immense amount of research, carried out with remarkable thoroughness, and well backed by references; apart from the 'Life and Letters,' and certain editions of 'Selborne,' which do not coincide with it in scope, it is with all its faults the most considerable book on the subject which has appeared in the four generations since White's death. In view of the general standard of 'Selborniana' that is not saying a great deal, but such as it is Mr. Johnson is unquestionably entitled to it.

We are sorry to find the author saying, in his Introductory Note, that nothing of scientific value in Gilbert White's MSS. remains uninvestigated. It is true that most of the plums have been plucked out at one time or another and crammed undigested into some published work, but that is not the way in which such records can usefully be made available, and the fact remains that four generations of publishers have allowed the 'Naturalists' Journal,' in some ways a more interesting work than 'Selborne,' to lie unpublished, first in private hands and lately in the British Museum. Until that 'Journal' has been worthily printed, in full or nearly so, with the same care and restraint as Parson Woodforde's Diary, it will not be true to say that justice has been done to everything of value which Gilbert White left behind.



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JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

## NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*Humours Unreconciled.* By Sherard Vines. Wishart. 7s. 6d.*The Robber Band.* By Leonhard Frank. Davies 7s. 6d.*Mirgorod.* By Nikolay Gogol. Translated by Constance Garnett. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.*The Devil's Bridge.* By M. A. Aldanov. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

'**H**UMOURS UNRECONCILED' is an entertaining novel in the manner of Mr. Aldous Huxley. The scene is modern Japan and the persons of the story are of various nationalities, but chiefly English. They are sex-troubled, the reader will be sad or glad to hear, according to his taste; or rather, like the characters in so much modern fiction, they are alternately intellectual and sensual, the victims of irreconcilable humours, "created sick, commanded to be sound." It is needless to say how useful to the novelist is this conventional simplification of human character. It gives immense scope for irony and rhetoric; it marshals the emotions into convenient groups; it cleans up the untidiness of life. It is a kind of two-party system, an excellent instrument for governing the world of fiction; for it corresponds, if never very exactly, to what is for many people a common enough state of mind.

Like other simplifications, however, it misrepresents the individual almost as often as it represents him, and, if insisted upon, makes him an abstraction like the economic or (in spite of Aristotle) the political man. Ordinary people do not spend so much time bemoaning the cleavage between their sensual and intellectual selves. We cannot, therefore, say that Mr. Sherard Vines has made a contribution to the understanding of human character. It would be a great deal to expect, but his book is a very ambitious one, full of formidable words and cryptic sayings like "My mental costiveness was after all a Pactolus"—so one has a right to expect something from it. One gets a good deal. Wit; humour; a great fund of erudition sometimes tactfully, sometimes ostentatiously displayed; many amusing minor characters (Sir Birinus and Professor McGonigle are often very funny); a high, sometimes high-brow, level of mental effort; an incisive running commentary on the characters and their behaviour; and much that is illuminating about modern Japan:

Personally [says Tristram] I think Japan's delightful. Taken all the way round the foreigner has an excellent time and more freedom than he has at home, in spite of the "immoral foreigners" stunt they're running in politics just at present. Japanese women are most attractive and have a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice that you won't find in many other places. As for the men, when that spirit is equally strong in them, when they've acquired sound business principles and a little originality, and when they've taken to a meat diet, they'll be more than wonderful, they'll be formidable. But at present the majority are rather too selfish, short-sighted and disinclined to drive steadily ahead towards a given point: there's too much "face" and window dressing.

Certainly Mr. Vines has all the material to make a novel and many of the arts that make a novelist. He is a promising as well as an accomplished writer. 'Humours Unreconciled' has two chief defects. The decorative writing is a little heavy and the story itself—the drama between Sheepshanks, Alba and Podler—barely holds one's interest. The tragical (or tragicomical) *dénouement* is too much caught up in philosophical speculation. Violent events illustrate little but themselves; separate them from their natural attendant emotions, pickle them and hold them up to

scientific scrutiny, and they are nothing, not even a bad joke. Mr. Sherard Vines does not quite do this, but to my thinking he makes the drowning of Podler too abstract an affair. However, for those who are not antagonized by the spectacle of the well-informed person showing his paces, 'Humours Unreconciled' is decidedly a book to read.

Leonhard Frank is a baffling writer with a technique of his own. He affects a pointillist style of writing. With the help of the wrapper one forms an idea of what his main drift is—though the lucidity of the wrapper's argument is never repeated in the book. Some poor lads of the town of Würzburg, scarcely adolescent, tire of the dull round of errand-running and parental control and join together in a "robber band"—complete with underground meeting-room, war cries, rites, and names of Indian braves—and commit conscientiously various peccadilloes, unromantic little thefts at the expense of their fathers' pockets, which bring them into collision with the police. All this is very vividly described: the insurgence of the youthful imagination, striving to make a world after its own heart, to rise above common-placeness and have its identity recognized and admired. America is a symbol of freedom to them. Later the humdrum world makes its demands, and we see each member of the band gradually relaxing his imaginative effort and embracing mediocrity. All but one, "Old Hammer-Fist," who discovers a passion for drawing, and pursuing it lifts himself above the common ruck. Into what? The story becomes increasingly obscure; a Stranger, a familiar, enters the stage and troubles with symbolism the aspect of things and the interpretation of events. The obscurity is increased by the peculiarity of Leonhard Frank's technical method; his ideas may be consecutive, but his details are not—they are juxtaposed: they pass before the eye like a procession, and their appeal is to the eye, not to the mind. A tiny incident, a word, an attitude, a gesture: they are vividly conveyed, but the mind looks for a thread of meaning and tires of focusing and refocusing isolated scenes. 'The Robber Band' is an exhausting book, and one feels all the time that one is being taken in; there is, perhaps, nothing behind these impressive, disquieting appearances. The reader must judge.

The four stories collected in 'Mirgorod' are concerned with Russia of the eighteenth century. The longest is an account of a Cossack chieftain and of skirmishes between the Cossacks and the Poles. There is pathos in the scene in which the terrible old man rides away with his two sons, leaving his wife in tears. (She only saw him once or twice a year. Gogol pities her for this, but it must have been the one redeeming feature of her married life.) Full of blood and battles was his youth, full of blood and battles is his age; and the reader feels he will never end this age of blood. The nicer son, who had fallen in love with a Polish lady, he kills. If the lions and tigers at the Zoo met in a pitched battle, the scene would be rather like this chapter of Russian life. Such is Gogol's vitality and zest for life that nothing intimidates it, death least of all. He has a strong, but not subtle sense of humour, and he sees mankind in terms of their humours, not in terms of right and wrong. Almost alone of the great Russian novelists he is a sanguine writer: sanguine and sanguinary.

Aldanov is a novelist of a different stamp: classical, restrained, severe, almost frigid. 'The Devil's Bridge' is the centre-piece of an historical trilogy, which has for subject a young Russian's experiences, at home and abroad, in the wars of the French Revolution. The story opens with the death of Catherine and finishes with fighting in North Italy. It is a very fine novel, full of splendid scenes which gain additional impressiveness from the detached, slightly inhuman manner of their narration.



## SHORTER NOTICES

**The Farington Diary.** Edited by James Greig. Vol. VIII. Hutchinson. 21s.

THIS is the last volume of Joseph Farington's diary, and one is rather sorry to take leave of that garrulous old gossip. He died in 1821 by a singular accident. He was coming down from the gallery in Didsbury Church, writes his niece, "but his hands encumbered with hat, umbrella and prayer book—his feet equally so with golloshes, he was unable to recover from a slip of his feet and went down the flight of steps with great rapidity and force. . . The vital spark was gone." Mr. Greig purchased the Diary a century later for £110 on behalf of the *Morning Post*, and he certainly made a good bargain. It would be unfair to compare Farington with the great English diarists such as Pepys, Scott, Fanny Burney and Byron, who put their personality into their work in a fashion which was quite beyond his pedestrian Muse. But his record embodies many interesting details of the great generation from 1793 to 1821, along with much relating to the affairs of the Academy and Farington's less conspicuous acquaintances which is hardly worth reprinting. Perhaps Mr. Greig will add to his editorial services by giving us a selection; a single volume might easily contain all that is of permanent interest. It is always delightful to hear Wordsworth explaining that he never read the *Edinburgh Review*, "for however much He may despise such matter He would not have it buz in his thoughts when occupied on any subject when Poetry engages His mind," and to learn that "whatever Lord Nelson might have to do he did instantly. It was his habit." On page 273 Horace and not Albert Smith should be named as joint author of the 'Rejected Addresses.'

**Red Mexico.** By Francis McCullagh. Brentano's. 15s.

IN one sense, the Mexican question has ceased to be controversial. No one any longer denies that the slaughter of Roman Catholic "suspects" by the present anti-clerical government has been conducted upon a scale unprecedented even in the blood-stained annals of Mexico. To find any parallel we must return to the days of the Aztecs, who delighted in human sacrifice. It is a disgusting story that Mr. McCullagh has to tell, and he tells it with a burning indignation, which is obviously sincere, and is not to be discounted merely because his sympathies are notoriously on the clerical side. He complains, with some justice, of the conspiracy of silence in the American, and—to a less extent—in the English Press, but does not appear to be aware that the more reputable London papers have, from the beginning, duly recorded these Mexican

executions, though not with the "scare" headlines and sensational photographs by means of which a more "popular" journal recently turned the limelight on them. His very natural indignation sometimes leads Mr. McCullagh into exaggeration—as when he says that an invading "Gringo" army "would now be welcomed as a deliverer" in Mexico; or that the anti-clerical "gang" "could never have got into power without American assistance." But his indictment of the Calles Government is a powerful one and has not yet, as far as we know, been seriously disputed. Such brutalities as those recorded here are, indeed, beyond excuse. It should be added that this book was published before the assassination of Obregon, and the subsequent reprisals.

**Inigo Jones.** By J. Alfred Gotch. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

IT is long since a biography of Inigo Jones appeared, and Mr. Gotch has had the advantage of consulting material not available to his predecessors. The result is an exhaustive and illuminating treatise on one of the greatest architects in English history. Jones was born during that transitional period between the Gothic and the classical styles of architecture, and the influences of the new movement are clearly apparent in his work. He is remembered for his designs of the Queen's House at Greenwich and the Banqueting House at Whitehall, as well as for his work in connexion with the renovation of St. Paul's Cathedral, but hitherto his labours in connexion with the masques of the period have received inadequate attention. To this side of his activities Mr. Gotch devotes a considerable amount of space. The book is inevitably a record of Jones's work rather than an interpretation of his character. As Mr. Gotch himself writes: "It is unfortunate that so little material exists for forming an opinion of Inigo Jones as a man." It is known, however, that he was a man of discreetly convivial habits, and there seems no reason to doubt the accuracy of George Chapman's statement that he was of a "grave disposition." Mr. Gotch's work is amply illustrated, and is further enriched by a number of references and notes and a complete chronology.

**The Practical Elocution Book.** By Victor MacClure. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

IN this book Mr. Victor MacClure puts forward some sane and helpful advice, which can be accepted with benefit not only by the public entertainer but by those who use their voice in every-day life. Common sense is the keynote of his book. "Technique in elocution," he says, ". . . is merely the mechanism by which thought is expressed." There are many elocutionists who might ponder with advantage on these words. There

TONIC TALKS TO MEN AND WOMEN (*Continued*)

**Your ambitions suffer  
if your nerves  
are ragged**



You have ideas about your future. You know that "to make to-morrow's dreams come true," you must plan and work to-day. Yet possibly you sometimes feel that you are losing your grip—that nothing is worth while. It is a feeling that comes to most imaginative people at some time or other, and means that they have

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“**FELLOWS**”  
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are excellent chapters on breath control, articulation, gesture, emphasis, and on how to tackle a piece; this last is augmented by poems and passages marked for recitation by such experienced speakers of English as Sir John Martin Harvey, Miss Madge Titheradge, Miss Sybil Thorndike, etc. An assortment of poems by well-known authors chosen as suitable for all ages and occasions and analysed in detail is a useful feature of this very sensible book.

**The Works of Geber.** Englished by Richard Russell with an Introduction by E. J. Holmyard. Dent. 6s.

THIS is a reprint of one of the classics of Chemistry, the first appearance of which was in the later part of the fourteenth century, in what purported to be a Latin translation of works by the celebrated alchemist, Geber, the real founder of alchemy as a science. These works were several times printed in Latin, but were only translated into English in 1678 when there was a revival of interest in chemistry under the leadership in this country of Robert Boyle. Dr. Holmyard's introduction tells us all that is known of Geber and of his works as far as they are extant. No Arabic original for these particular tracts has yet been found, and it seems likely that three of the four are re-castings of works by other authors. It is, we think, a pity that the editor did not add a short appendix of notes identifying more fully the processes described with their modern analogues, as Dr. Darmstadler did in his German edition of 1922. It would have added much to the value of an otherwise excellent production.

## THE DECEMBER MAGAZINES

The *London Mercury* reprints a circular which had been sent to its Editor offering to obtain publicity for authors. Five guineas "for 25 references to important newspapers, with guaranteed minimum result of five notices," is the cheapest fee. So now we know. The poetry is good—it includes a variation by Mr. F. Burrows on a familiar theme. Two essays by the late C. E. Montague examine our interest in Tragedy in the Theatre, and the penultimate taste in poetry and art. Miss Thirkell gaily exploits the difficulties of being at home in classical Latin, and Mr. Mattingly is far too strong in his statement that the Latin *numina* were personified, very few of them indeed arrived at that stage. Mr. Freeman has a good subject in the wives of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. Mr. Hermann Bahr contributes an account of contemporary letters in Germany. The *Chronicles* of Messrs. Hague, Wilkinson and Corner have interesting subjects to deal with.

*Life and Letters* contains a paper by Mr. F. L. Lucas on 'George Herbert,' very sane and not too complimentary; a running commentary on Lucretius, Homer, and Robert Barton by Miss Mirlees; a reminiscence by Miss Sackville-West of a visit in the Ukraine, 1909; and an account by M. Maurois of the philosophy of M. Chartier, who writes under the name of Alain short statements of his views. Mr. MacCarthy writes on 'Buying Christmas Books.'

The *Fortnightly* for December opens with an appreciation of W. L. Courtney by an old friend, Sir John Marriott. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks writes of Bunyan as the author, and quotes literary testimonies to his worth, among them, we are glad to see, that of Huck Finn. Mr. Disher in 'Classics into Films' foresees the time when our literary classics may be regarded as "like what Hollywood's authors write—only not so good." Mr. R. H. Hull gives us the musical biography of Scriabin; and Mr. L. J. Lloyd a short biography of Villon. Mr. Gwynn in 'Ebb and Flow' has some interesting things to say of M. Poincaré's leadership and of Indian nationalists.

The *Nineteenth* contains a good article by Prof. F. A. Wright, calling attention to a Dark Age historian whose merits have not received due attention except from specialists like Prof. Ker. Prof. Wright gives enough extracts to justify all his praise. Mr. McEachran traces the history of the chivalrous ideal—the gentleman—from antiquity through the Renaissance, and gives us a watchword for to-day "to live humanly." Mr. Richards on 'The Religion of the Countryside' sees a revival of the spirit of Virgil in place of the influence of Lucretius—a healthy paganism with a decline of the numinous. There are good papers on Sleeping Sickness, Farmers and Prices, and Capital Punishment. 'Education in India' is searchingly criticized by Mr. Yusuf Ali.

The *English Review* has papers by Mr. J. D. Gregory on Lord Curzon—sympathetic and understanding; by Admiral Mark Kerr on 'Greece and King Constantine'; by Mr. E. W. Wright on 'Roumania,' the result of a recent visit; on Divorce, Noise, the Ecclesiastical Courts and other subjects. There are three short stories, an account of 'A Traveller at Timbuctu,' and a paper on murder in the theatre, by Mr. Shipp.

*Old Furniture* has a paper on 'Three Busto by Torrigiano' by Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith, of Henry VII, Bishop Fisher, and Henry VIII, supposed to have been made for the Holbein Gate at Whitehall—very fine pieces they are. A second article on the furniture at Hatfield House is equally interesting. Other

papers deal with Battersea and Bilston Enamels, Italian Chests, Panelled Rooms at Ware, and Tompion's Clocks. The number is extremely well illustrated.

The *National Review* finds in the Jingo sentiments of President Coolidge a text for this month's 'Episodes,' going on to France, Protection, and a variety of its usual topics. There are two Russian articles—War Policy, and the Ukraine Problem. Mr. Locker-Lampson contrasts two varieties of 'Holidays'—Monte Carlo and the Downs. The career of Sir Anthony Deane, shipbuilder and friend of Pepys, makes a good story. 'The Pack' describes the kennel of a lion-hunt in South Africa. A paper on 'Wheat Growing De Luxe' tells how it is done in Australia. Mr. Walton tells of the story of a heroine in 'Germaine,' and Miss Draper reviews the books of travel in Arabia.

*Blackwood* gives the story of another good climb—'A New Route up Mont Blanc'; a first-rate account of a 'Deep Sea' passage in an old pilot boat to America; biography of the Maharajah of Kolhapur and the story of his strife with the Brahmins, by General Stewart, and other equally good stories. 'Musings' deal with Jix as "Maiden Aunt," Col. House as a monumental figure of self-deception, and the last few days before the war.

*Cornhill* describes an almost forgotten incident in the early days of the Armistice, the visit of inspection to the German dockyards. Mr. Duffin examines the spiritual tendencies of Mr. Shaw's later plays; Mr. Jose retells the story of Sir Henry Hayes and his incredible career as a transported convict; Mr. Blennerhassett revives the story of Dostoyevsky's infatuation for Souslova. The fiction, short or long, is good, Mr. C. E. Lawrence, Mr. Stokes and Miss Findlater being the writers.

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### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

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## ACROSTICS

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 352

(CLOSING DATE: First post, Thursday, December 20)

A SUBSTANCE STRONG BUT EASY TO BE BENT;  
ANOTHER OF A VERY FRAGRANT SCENT:  
PRODUCTS OF TWO VAST CREATURES OF THE DEEP.

1. Curtail him: his forced jests might make one weep.
2. In curing ills the Arabs deem me clever.
3. Died like a fool?—His father from him sever.
4. What stores of garnered wisdom this contains!
5. Transmits all sounds of rapture to our brains.
6. No solid earth, but treacherous moss and mire.
7. Heart of a heart is what we now require.
8. Two-thirds of one who learnt his trade but newly.
9. Spite of the bird, don't value them unduly.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 350

(FIRST OF OUR 26TH QUARTER)

MOTHER OF MANY WHO BEFORE HER DIED;  
MAIDEN WITHOUT A CONSORT AT HER SIDE:  
SUCH WERE THE QUEENS WHO IN OUR PILLARS LURK.

1. Assigned to every stage-struck clown his work.
2. You have it in your eye,—off with its head!
3. Curtail what each has made when each is dead.
4. That Man is born to trouble he averred.
5. Of well-ground flour or meal retain one-third;
6. But of this bitter apple half's enough.
7. Lord of the ocean, whether smooth or rough.
8. In ponds, next spring, you'll find me with small pains.
9. Clip at each end just four-and-twenty grains.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 350

Q	uinc	E <sup>1</sup>	<sup>1</sup> Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act 1. sc. 2.
pU	pi	L	
E	x	It	
E	lipha	Z <sup>2</sup>	<sup>2</sup> Man is born unto trouble,
farIN	A		As the sparks fly upward.
crA	B		
N	eptun	E	
N	ew	T	
pEnny	- weighHt		

—Job v. 7.

ACROSTIC No. 350.—The winner is Mr. G. M. Fowler, The Manor House, Horspath, Wheatley, Oxfordshire, who has selected as his prize 'Hernando Cortes. Five Letters. 1519-1526,' published by Routledge, and reviewed by us on December 1 under the title 'The Conquest of Mexico.' Nine other competitors named this book, 30 chose 'More Famous Trials,' 27 'Undertones of War,' 11 'But soft—we are observed!' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Miss M. Allen, Armadale, Barberry, E. Barrett, James Benson, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Mrs. Robert Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, Chailey, J. Chambers, Chess, Chip, Clam, Crayke, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, D. L., Dolmar, Doric, M. East, Sir Reginald Egerton, E. G. H., Elizabeth, C. W. S. Ellis, L. E. Evans, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, E. W. Fox, Ganesh, Gay, Glamis, W. E. Groves, James Hall, G. H. Hammond, H. K., Iago, Jeff, Jop, John Lennie, Lillian, Mrs. Lole, Madge, Margaret, Martha, J. F. Maxwell, George W. Miller, Met, Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., Lady Mottram, G. A. Newall, Nony, N. O. Sellam, F. C. Orpet, F. M. Petty, Rand, Remmap, Rho Kappa, G. H. Rodolph, Schoolie, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Thora, F. G. Timm, Twyford, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, Ve, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Brevis, M. de Burgh, C. C. J., Ceyx, J. R. Cripps, Reginald P. Eccles, Hanworth, H. C. M., Reginald J. Hope, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Moore, H. de R. Morgan, Dr. Pearse, Peter, Quis, Spylla, W. Stone, A. R. Wheeler, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—R. P. Graham, F. Gray, Imp. B. Lawrence, Polamar. All others more.

G. W. MILLER.—If you will kindly look again, you will see that Eliphaz spoke the words in question, not Job, whose second speech begins with Chap. 6.

H. C. M.—If I say "your ear" or "your eye," I mean the human ear and eye, not an ear of corn or the eye of a potato; therefore I could not accept Glume.—In my leaflet I promise to avoid using Uncommon Words. To help solvers to remember this, I present them with a rhyme:—

Words unknown to the man in the street  
In our acrostics you'll seldom meet.

Therefore such words as Acerbipome are not likely to be right. IMP.—To solve my Acrostics you really do not need the Encyclopædia Britannica. On its authority I am willing to believe that there is a Groove in my ear, but simply by taking hold of it I can feel the Gristle, which the learned call cartilage.

JAMES HALL.—I often personify inanimate objects, but it would scarcely occur to me to call Credit "he." I did not mean to suggest that "the average capitalist" would lend without security.—Glad to know that you will take part in our Quarterly Competitions.

ACROSTIC No. 349.—Two Lights wrong: Rabbits.

ACROSTIC No. 348.—Correct: Mrs. Robert Brown, the accidental omission of whose name from list we regret.



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By D. CAMERON FORRESTER

ANY enquiries are addressed to me from time to time for details of life-assurance policies which may be used to purchase one's home. A brief explanation of the working of such contracts may, therefore, be of general interest. Usually, if an immediate advance is required, the insurance office will grant it for 80 per cent. of the value of the property if it is freehold, and for 75 per cent. if leasehold. The prospective purchaser is required to effect an endowment policy—which may be for any period of from ten to thirty years—on his life for the actual amount advanced by the life office, and this secures the repayment of the advance in the event of his death before maturity. The policy may be effected either with or without participation in profits.

For the sake of using round figures I will take as illustration the prospective purchase of a residence valued at £1,000 freehold, on which an immediate advance is desired. The purchaser would be required to put down £200, the insurance office advancing the balance of £800. Now, if the purchaser were aged 30 next birthday and selected an endowment payable at the end of 20 years, with profits, this would cost him—quoting actual figures—£40 18s. 8d. per annum gross, or £36 16s. 10d. if we deduct income-tax rebate at present rates. In addition, interest of £11 per quarter would be payable on the loan, making a total outlay, including net premium and interest, of £80 16s. 10d. per annum to purchase the house in twenty years.

If the policyholder survived the twenty years his policy should then be worth, assuming present bonus additions, £1,136. From this amount the life office would deduct the advance of £800, leaving a balance of £336 to be paid to the policyholder in cash. He would also at the same time be handed the full title to the property. But if he were to die at any time during the twenty-year period his policy would automatically clear off the loan, and the title deeds and any amount due as accrued bonuses would be handed over to his widow, or other legal representatives, free of any further payment. The policyholder may also from time to time, if he so desires, pay off part of the loan and thus reduce the interest payable and increase the cash sum receivable at maturity.

Policies may also be effected as ordinary endowment contracts, but carrying an endorsement that the policyholder is entitled to an advance at any future time, and in such an event the percentage which the life office will advance increases with the period the policy may have been in force. In the case of an endowment to mature in fifteen years, for example, 90 per cent. of its face value would be advanced after three years and the full value after five years. A policyholder who then took an advance could purchase a residence of equal value to the amount of his contract without finding any part of the purchase price and, as his contract had already been five years in force, he would only have to continue the premium he was already paying for a further ten years, plus interest from the date of advance, in order to become owner of the property.

Policies with an endorsement of this nature are very valuable, because in the case of an ordinary endowment only a loan for an amount within the cash surrender value of one's policy could be obtained.

## "STANDARD" QUOTATIONS

Alas! we make  
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,  
But sleep ourselves at the foot: our high resolves  
Look down upon our slumbering acts.

—London.

DECEMBER—the month when the old year is passed in review! Good intentions that have remained but intentions, and now only a few more weeks . . . days . . . hours . . . of the year remaining!

The assurance protection which you always meant to take out this year—which it is criminal to withhold from your wife and children? You have still time if you make haste.

There is no better assurance for all-round purposes than a Limited Payment Policy, With Profits, in the Standard. Under this system your later life is free from the burden of making payments, while bonuses continue accruing and compounding annually even after premiums have ceased.

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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

CHAIRMEN of public companies are frequently prone, at their annual meetings, to criticize the Government of the day and to blame them for what they have done or left undone which has adversely affected the operations of the company with which they are connected. It is therefore interesting to be able to record that at the meeting of Tate and Lyle, Ltd., held last week, Sir Ernest Tate felt justified in attributing part of the increased prosperity which this company is enjoying, and which was indicated by the increased profits in their report recently issued, to what he described as the statesmanlike and far-sighted policy of the Government in the matter of sugar duty, which had the effect of reducing the import duty by an amount equivalent to 2s. 4d. per cwt. on the retail price of refined sugar. Satisfactory as this undoubtedly is, there is another aspect of the case which is more important. Sir Ernest pointed out that all British refineries are working a much larger output than before the Budget, and one refinery in Greenock which was closed has started up again. As regards Tate and Lyle, the average quantity of raw sugar melted in their three refineries was 14,500 tons weekly. Since April they had melted an average of 22,000 tons weekly. The capacity of the three refineries was now 25,000 tons, and this was being still further increased, so they hoped to melt not far short of 30,000 tons weekly in the future. The importance of this increase lies largely in the increased consumption of coal that it necessitates, as Sir Ernest stated that for the refining of three tons of sugar one ton of coal is required. The imports on foreign refined and unrefined white sugar average over the last three years approximately 800,000 tons per annum. If these imports can be displaced by British refined sugar, the benefit to the coal industry would be over a quarter of a million tons per annum. It is to be hoped that all concerned will endeavour to assist in achieving the result, and the Chairman of Tate and Lyle is to be congratulated on the very clear manner in which he explained the position.

### LONDON TIN

Another interesting company meeting was that of the London Tin Syndicate, when Lord Askwith gave a comprehensive survey of the position of the tin mining industry and the outlook for the metal itself. Lord Askwith continues to think that consumption is rapidly exceeding production. He pointed out that taking the world's situation as a whole, and the period of 1920 and 1922 as a basis of average, the advance in consumption at the end of last year had been twice as rapid as the increase of production. He quoted interesting statistics with reference to the canning industry, and showed how greatly this industry had expanded during the last sixty years. In 1866, when the tin can was in its infancy, the consumption was only one can to every seven persons. By 1925 it had increased until it was twenty-five cans for every person in the United States. The estimate of production for 1928 is thirty-one cans per head of population, and may even exceed that number. These figures should be of interest to those interested in tin mines, as the tin

canning industry is responsible for the consumption of a considerable amount of tin annually. As to the prospects of the London Tin Syndicate, these are naturally dependent on the price of the metal. Meanwhile the directors are to be congratulated on the wide range of interests they have acquired and the important position they have forged for the Syndicate in the world of tin in so short a space of time.

### WALL STREET

The break in prices in Wall Street caused little surprise; prices had risen in many cases to entirely unjustifiable levels, and money was quoted at what should have proved prohibitive rates. The fall in prices last week-end was considerable and many paper fortunes must have disappeared in a night. The subsequent recovery was possibly partly attributable to the banks cheapening money with the object of preventing an avalanche of selling which might have ensued had the fall proceeded much further, and which would have been bad for the industry of the country. The position in New York has been deemed dangerous for some time, and the break last week-end, even though it may only have been a temporary one, should prove a sharp warning to speculators in this country who are dabbling in American shares. Prices in London withstood the fall in New York extremely well. Naturally counters that are dealt in both in Throgmorton Street and Wall Street followed the general run of American prices, but otherwise markets could be described as merely dull. It is to be hoped that this indicates that investors in this country have seen the red light and on the present occasion have not been caught.

### DRAGES, LTD.

Shareholders in Drage, Ltd., have been notified of a provisional agreement which has been made between their company and the Drapery Trust and which they are asked to confirm at an extraordinary general meeting. By this agreement the 7½% participating preference shares of Drages are guaranteed their maximum dividend of 10% for a period of ten years, while ordinary shareholders who have received dividends of 10% for the last two years will be asked to accept 15% guaranteed for a period of ten years and in return sanction the issue of 2,000,000 rs. Ordinary shares which will be held by the Drapery Trust and will receive all surplus profits. The scheme, while very attractive for preference shareholders, has been received, rightly, by ordinary shareholders with mixed feelings. They appear to be selling their birthright for a mess of pottage—their birthright being the equity of the business which they at present possess and the mess of pottage the extra 5% which will be guaranteed to them for ten years, a concession of no great value in view of the past undistributed profits. It is difficult to gauge the reason for this scheme having been put forward. If Drages require further capital, there is little doubt this would have been readily forthcoming from their own shareholders at a premium if they were given the opportunity to subscribe for new shares. It is to be hoped that those responsible will amend their proposals and not leave it for their shareholders to endeavour to force them so to do at their forthcoming meeting.

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To enable the Company to commence business forthwith, the American Company has agreed to supply the Company with machines and component parts pending production in Great Britain.

A contract has been entered into with Associated Automatic Machines Corporation Limited to rent from the Company 1,000 Coin-operated Machines, delivery to commence during March and be completed by August next, at a net rental of 15/- per machine per week, payable from date of delivery until 30th September, 1932.

Under this contract the Company is already assured of an income as from March next, rising to £39,000 per annum from August, 1929, for a period of over three years.

The Directors estimate that the profits for the first year should amount to £97,500 from the slot machines and £45,000 from the models for the use in the Home.

No account has been taken of the profits to be derived from the exploitation of the Foreign Rights or revenue to be derived from Advertising Rights in connection with the machines placed in public locations.

DIRECTORS:

CHARLES SUGDEN (Chairman and Managing Director of Vocalion Gramophone Company Limited, Chairman of Vocalion (Foreign) Limited, Chairman of Aeolian Company Limited),  
*Chairman and Managing Director.*

CHARLES LESLIE KEMPTON, C.B.E. (Managing Director of Vocalion (Foreign) Limited).

COPLEY DE LISLE HEWITT (Director of O'Cedar Consolidated Trust Limited).

WILLIAM THOMAS POTTS, C.B.E., J.P.

ARTHUR CROXTON.

*Prospectuses and Forms of Application will be available on Saturday, 15th December, from WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED, Head Office and Branches; CREWS & CO., 30 Throgmorton Street, London, E.C.2; WOOD DUNKLEY & CO., Salisbury House, London Wall, London, E.C.2; DIMMOCK & COWTAN, 21, Spring Gardens, Manchester; CRICHTON BROS. & TOWNLEY, 13, Castle Street, Liverpool, and Stock Exchanges.*

*and from***CENTRAL INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES LIMITED****Copthall House, Copthall Avenue, E.C. 2**

## LES ETABLISSEMENTS MARECHAL

Dealings were recently started in London in the £1 units of Les Etablissements Marechal. These £1 units are equivalent to one-tenth of an "A" Ordinary share of 500 francs each and after March 15 next such certificates will be exchangeable for "A" ordinary shares. It will be seen, therefore, that the price of these £1 units should be equivalent to one-tenth of the "A" share in Paris. This is not the case, as the London price is decidedly lower than the level arrived at by the above calculation. The business of Les Etablissements Marechal is the manufacture and distribution of oilcloth, imitation leather and waterproof materials and is largely interested in the manufacture and distribution of linoleums. With its subsidiaries and controlled interests, the company conducts the principal business of its kind on the Continent of Europe.

It is estimated that the dividend on the ordinary shares for the year 1928, payable in April next, will be no less than 100 francs per share, which is equivalent to ten francs per unit. This, after the deduction of French taxes, leaves a net sum available for shareholders of 8.2 francs per unit. These units appear to possess possibilities at the present level.

## BRITISH AUTOMATIC GRAMOPHONES

A preliminary notice is published to-day dealing with an issue of 800,000 Ordinary shares of 5s. each in the British Automatic Gramophone Company, Limited. This company proposes to manufacture an automatic selective gramophone which by touching the requisite button will play one of twenty selections. Mr. Charles Sugden, the chairman and managing-director of the Vocalion Company, is to be chairman of the new board of directors.

## MAPPIN STORES OF BRAZIL

Mappin Stores of Brazil have recently declared an interim dividend of 8d. per share. This compares with 6d. paid last year. As nine months of the company's financial year has already expired, and as this increased interim dividend is declared at a time when the trading figures for three-quarters of the whole year are available to the directors, it seems probable that this increase of interim dividend foreshadows an increased final dividend. In these circumstances the shares appear to possess reasonable possibilities while standing at the present undervalued level. I anticipate a final dividend of 1s. 4d., making 2s. for the year.

## OCEANA CONSOLIDATED

Mr. Conigrave, at the meeting of the Oceana Consolidated Company, held last week, made some interesting remarks with reference to Russia. He stated, correctly, that "Russia needs the rest of Europe, which in its turn needs Russia, and it should not, and I am personally convinced will not, be beyond the wit of man to marry the two needs." He further threw out hints that negotiations were proceeding with the Soviet with reference to the properties owned by the company.

## CARRERAS

Carreras shares have been in good demand of late, which is not surprising in view of the very excellent figures for the year ended October 31 last, which have recently been published.

## COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the following Company meetings: London Tin Syndicate; Oceana Consolidated Company, Ltd.; E. W. Tarry and Company; Bank of London and South America.

TAURUS

## Company Meeting

## OCEANA CONSOLIDATED

## VALUE OF INVESTMENTS LARGELY INCREASED

The ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Oceana Consolidated Co., Ltd., was held on the 5th inst. at River Plate House, Finsbury Circus, E.C., Mr. Berkeley Fairfax Conigrave (chairman and managing director) presiding.

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen, you will see that the share capital account remains exactly the same as at June 30, 1927, but the item of sundry creditors and credit balances shows a reduction of £4,579. As a sign and concomitant of the active policy which we are pursuing, we have this year another item—an overdraft from our bankers, at June 30 last, of £288,404. This item you will realize is far more than offset by the very large increase in the value of our investments which at June 30 was £984,381—an increase of £376,990, as compared with the corresponding item in the balance-sheet at June 30, 1927. Since June 30 last the overdraft has been very substantially reduced.

The income of the company for the year under review at £81,614 shows such a gratifying increase that it enables the directors to recommend the declaration of a dividend of 10 per cent., less tax, as compared with 7½ per cent. for several years past. We then propose to carry forward undivided profits of £38,332.

The increased dividend of 10 per cent. we propose is justified by the results of the year's working, and your board would not have recommended an increased dividend unless they believed that their hope of being able at least to maintain it was well founded.

As shareholders will remember, they were informed at the beginning of July last that the Oceana Co. had acquired a large interest in Kirklees, Ltd., a company at present producing artificial viscose silk at the rate of approximately four tons per week, but which is installing machinery to increase the output up to nine tons per week by March, 1929, and to 12 tons per week by May next, for which purpose the requisite capital has been provided, with a substantial margin for contingencies and for working capital. I may say that the company's product, which is known as "Kirkysyl," is well known in the trade, and obtains a ready sale, owing to its excellent quality. The capital of the Kirklees Co. is £500,000 in £1 shares, and it is estimated that on a production of 12 tons per week the profits will amount to £100,000 per annum, or 20 per cent. on the capital.

We are interested to a moderate extent in the Transvaal Nigel Company, which owns some 200 claims on the dip of the Sub Nigel property, and has agreed to sell its 200 claims to the Nigel Company for shares and an option for four years on a further block. Seeing how the famous Sub Nigel Gold Mine has developed, Messrs. John Taylor and Sons, the well-known mining engineers, are of opinion that the amalgamated company should have a profitable future.

Then again we have a considerable interest in the Taquah and Abosso property. These gold mines have given promising results in the past; indeed, it may interest you to know that up to September 30, 1928, from the properties owned by Taquah and Abosso Mines, Limited, and its predecessors, gold has been produced valued at no less than £6,330,324, while during the same period £785,114 has been paid in dividends to shareholders.

When the present board took office they decided that in view of the larger interest being taken in our shares in France, it was advisable in the company's interest, and only fair to our French shareholders, that we should endeavour to obtain a "re-abonnement" of our shares. I went over to Paris several times, and after various interviews with the competent authorities I am glad to say my efforts on your behalf were successful, and our company's shares numbered 1 to 2,000,000, can now be dealt in in France.

One word, ladies and gentlemen, as to the future. Our policy, as you may have gathered from what I have already said, is to be one of progress. And I can but think that the name itself of our company—Oceana—is not without significance in that connection. It suggests the wild field that to-day exists for profitable adventure, not, of course, in perilous or uncharted seas, but in many channels where, guided by prudence, and with the special knowledge and opportunities which your directors have, profitable commercial enterprise can be pursued for the welfare of our company.

I have now to propose the resolution: "That the directors' report and statement of accounts as at June 30, 1928, be, and the same are hereby, adopted."

Mr. L. H. Barnes seconded the resolution, and after the Chairman had replied to a few questions, and some shareholders had congratulated the board on the results they had achieved, it was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.



## Company Meetings

## LONDON TIN SYNDICATE, LTD.

A TALE OF REMARKABLE PROGRESS:  
STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION.

The THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the London Tin Syndicate, Ltd., was held on the 7th inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Lord Askwith, the chairman, who presided, said that the average amount of capital available throughout the year was £383,435, or not more than £133,000 in excess of the capital with which they had started the year, while the amount required to meet the proposed dividend was exactly double the sum disbursed in payment of an identical dividend a year ago. He was pleased to say that, almost without exception, every shareholder had taken advantage of the two offers the board had made of new capital, and there was satisfaction in knowing that the present market value of the shares, after deducting the 40 per cent. dividend payable in respect to all those shares, substantially exceeded the subscription price for the new shares.

The board had not been idle during the year as was evidenced by such outstanding events in the tin-producing world as the opening of the new Penpoll smelter at Bootle, the merging of the whole of the Keffi group and other tin mines in Nigeria with Associated Tin Mines of Nigeria, now the largest individual producer of alluvial tin in the Empire, and more recently the very important consolidation of Malayan alluvial enterprises which had led to the formation of the London Malayan Tin Trust.

With all those landmarks of progress the Syndicate has been prominently identified and their activities had also given them contact with the Yuba group, thus enabling them to divert in some measure from gold to tin not only the great energies and alluvial experience of those distinguished pioneer dredging engineers, Mr. W. P. Hammon and Mr. Newton Cleaveland, but also the vast and comprehensive organisation represented by them. It was impossible to stress too urgently the vital importance to them of the affiliation now happily established between the Anglo-Oriental Corporation and Yuba.

A year ago the Mining Corporation was not even in existence; the Syndicate had no link with any actual production in Malaya, the Nigerian output within their control was less than 200 tons of oxide per month, and they lacked any substantive engineering organisation. To-day Consolidated output already exceeded 1,000 tons per month, their position in Nigeria had become unassailable, and they were smelting and supplying, mainly to home industries, nearly double the quantity of metallic tin produced at Penpoll a year ago. Further, they now had at call the support and guidance of the most expert circle of specialist engineers in London, in the East, in Nigeria and in America.

The best illustration of the financial progress of the Syndicate was, perhaps, the fact that the profit earned in its third year was practically eight times as great as the sum of their entire resources in 1925.

As to the technical position of the tin industry, he would point out that the metal was indispensable, its use was universal, and there was no substitute. Tin entered into every phase of civilised life, and in the past eighteen years consumption had grown by over 80 per cent. The two consuming markets of cardinal importance for tin were Europe and America, and as regarded America, since the election of Mr. Hoover, confidence in the continued and increasing prosperity of the United States had become more firmly established than at any previous time. There was not the slightest doubt, in his view, that 1929 would see a substantially increased consumption of tin in all the many American industries concerned. The industrial growth of America since the war had been so rapid and continuous that the average tin needs in the past three years had been 17 per cent. in excess even of war-time requirements, and in 1928 that country would have imported a total of nearly 83,000 tons, as compared with 43,000 tons of metallic tin in 1914.

The same movement also existed in Europe. Conditions continued to improve; in 1927 Germany had consumed 15,300 tons of metallic tin, as compared with 11,100 in 1925, while France had imported 5,790 tons of tin in 1927 and 8,902 tons in 1928, during the first eight months of each year.

Taking the world situation as a whole, and 1920-1922 as a basis of average, the advance in consumption down to the end of last year had been more than twice as rapid as the increase in production.

The limitation of the world's known resources of tin-stone, and the constantly accelerating rate of depletion were well known, while further important discoveries were improbable.

Although there had been a gain during the year of six or seven thousand tons in so-called visible supplies, shipments from the East this year exceeded the declared production of ore, and, on the other hand, in a constantly falling market, such as prevailed for one-half of the year, precedent in all commodity markets indicated that consumers subsisted as far as possible from hand to mouth. It was probable that the increase in the published stocks was at present balanced by a decrease in the metallic tin reserves held by industry.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

## BANK OF LONDON &amp; SOUTH AMERICA

YEAR OF CONTINUED PROSPERITY

The SIXTY-SIXTH ORDINARY MEETING of the Bank of London and South America, Ltd., was held on December 12 at the Head Office of the Bank, 6, 7, and 8 Tokenhouse Yard, E.C.

Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease (Chairman of the Company) presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report, said he was glad to say that, for the first time for many years, a comparative analysis of the figures in the balance-sheet need not make allowances for variation in the rate of conversion, from currency accounts to sterling, between one year's figures and those of another.

Shareholders would be pleased to see a slight increase in their total assets and liabilities. Current accounts and deposits had increased by about £750,000, but, as that heading included their contracts in forward exchange, which had fallen by about £750,000, the actual increase in their credit accounts was about £1,500,000. The decrease in their operations in forward exchange was a natural consequence of stabilisation of currencies. "Advances" on the opposite side of the sheet showed a decrease of about £1,300,000, of which, however, a large portion was due to a decrease in forward transactions, and the actual decrease in advances alone was about £700,000. The value of the bills for collection on the date of the balance-sheet showed a healthy increase of nearly £1,000,000, which was an indication of greater activity in export and import trade. Cash, at over £9,000,000, was slightly higher than last year, and showed a ratio of over 23 per cent. to deposits—a most satisfactory index of a liquid position.

The net profits of the year were £456,997, and adding the profit carried forward from last year of £201,231, there was a total of £658,228. Out of that total they had already paid an interim dividend absorbing £141,600, and the directors recommended a final dividend of 7 per cent., making 11 per cent. for the year, absorbing £247,800. They further proposed to allocate £60,000 to Contingency Reserve Account and to carry forward to next year the balance of £208,828, thus adding about £7,000 to the figure of the carry-forward from last year.

The Bank's branches at Lisbon, Oporto, Paris, and Antwerp and their agents in New York, Manchester, and Bradford continued to operate successfully and to contribute to the development of their South American business.

The report was unanimously adopted.

## E. W. TARRY AND CO.

CONTINUED IMPROVEMENT RECORDED

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of E. W. Tarry and Co., Ltd., was held on December 11 at the Cannon Street Hotel.

Sir J. Fortescue Flannery, Bart., D.L. (the chairman), said that the directors were glad to be able to report a greater steadiness in public affairs in South Africa, followed by some improvement in general trade in the Dominion. The company had had a modest share in that improvement, the turnover having increased, though the severe competition in certain districts had not permitted a corresponding increase in the net profits. For the fourth year in succession they were able to recommend an increased dividend, and, after allocating a sum to reserve account, they were carrying forward an increased amount. Speaking generally, the outlook in South Africa was bright, but while insane competition continued business would be difficult. The directors, however, were confident that the company's staff in the Dominion would be able to deal with any case of emergency which might arise. Lord Knollys had visited all their branches during the past year, and, in conference with the local committee and branch managers, had been able to make various suggestions which would promote efficiency in the company's administration. Continued progress had been made at the new branches. The directors greatly appreciated the zeal and energy of the staff, both in South Africa and in London, and, as forecast by Commander Locker-Lampson at the last general meeting, they had adopted a scheme which would apply to all who personally rendered service to the company and under which everybody, from the directors down to the office-boy, would receive a percentage each year on his fees or salary equal to the percentage paid each year to the Ordinary shareholders, but with a maximum of 10 per cent. to those who served. In the course of further remarks the Chairman, referring to the progress which had been made by the company, pointed out that, whereas the gross profit in the year 1926 was £77,836, in 1927 it was £96,951, and in the past year £112,145.

The report was unanimously adopted, and at an extraordinary general meeting a formal alteration of the articles of association, rendered necessary by the profit-sharing scheme, was approved.

The whole of this Issue has been underwritten.

A copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies

**THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST WILL BE CLOSED ON OR BEFORE THE 19th DECEMBER, 1928**

Application will be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, London, for permission to deal in the Shares of the Company after Allotment.

# Blue Bird Holdings, Limited

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917)

**Share Capital - £750,000**

DIVIDED INTO

**1,500,000 Ordinary Shares of 10s. each - £750,000**

There is no Vendor's consideration.

**1,500,000 Ordinary Shares of 10s. each are now Offered for Subscription at Par**

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS

On Application .. .. 1s. 0d. per Share.

On Allotment .. .. 4s. 0d. " "

On 31st January, 1929 .. .. 5s. 0d. " "

Payment may be made in full on allotment and interest will be allowed on the amount prepaid at the rate of 5% per annum

800,000 Shares have been applied for at par and will be allotted under the terms of this Prospectus to the group originally interested in obtaining control of Blue Bird Motor Co. (1924), Ltd., and Blue Bird Oil Importers, Ltd.

Subscriptions will be received on behalf of the

Company by its Bankers:—

**MIDLAND BANK LIMITED, Head Office,  
5 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2, and Branches.**

Directors—

FRANCIS LORANG, Englefield, Oxshott, Surrey. (Chairman and Managing Director, Blue Bird Oil Importers, Limited, Blue Bird Petrol, Limited, and Blue Bird Petrol (Foreign), Limited; Director, Blue Bird Motor Co. (1924), Limited, Chairman and Joint Managing Director.

REGINALD BRANDON TRYE, Hardwicke Court, Weybridge, Surrey. (Chairman and Managing Director, Blue Bird Motor Co. (1924), Limited; Joint Managing Director, Blue Bird Petrol, Limited, and Blue Bird Petrol (Foreign), Limited; Director, Blue Bird Oil Importers, Limited, Joint Managing Director.

JOHN McLERIE, Beechcroft, Whitegate Drive, Blackpool, Lancs. (Director, Blue Bird Oil Importers, Limited, Blue Bird Petrol, Limited, and Blue Bird Petrol (Foreign), Limited.)

GEORGE HITCHON, 88 Whitegate Drive, Blackpool, Lancs. (Director, Blue Bird Oil Importers, Limited, Blue Bird Petrol, Limited, and Blue Bird Petrol (Foreign), Limited.)

STANLEY JOHN FIEUS, Woodside, East Horsley, Surrey. (Director, Blue Bird Motor Co. (1924), Limited, Blue Bird Petrol, Limited, and Blue Bird Petrol (Foreign), Limited.)

Solicitors—

JAMES R. WHITE & CO., 78 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2.

Auditors—

DEAKIN, HALE, PHILLIPS & CO., 119 Moorgate, London, E.C.2.

Brokers—

SCOTT BROTHERS & CO., 43 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

WILSON & ANDERTON, 26 Moorgate, London, E.C.2.

CHARLES DAVIS & CO., 1 Copthall Chambers, E.C.2.

HENRY J. THOMAS & CO., 130 Bute Street, Cardiff.

CRICHTON BROS. & TOWNLEY, Queen Avenue, 13 Castle Street, Liverpool.

And Stock  
Exchanges.

Secretary and Registered Offices—

HAROLD E. MEACOCK, 25/31 Moorgate, London, E.C.2.

## ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS

The Company has been formed for the purposes set out in the Memorandum of Association and, in particular, to acquire substantial holdings of shares in the Blue Bird Companies hereinafter referred to, with the object of consolidating their interests.

These holdings will place the Company in a strong and influential position, and will permit of a joint comprehensive policy being adopted.

The programme of the Blue Bird Companies is clearly outlined in their respective spheres of activity. All have ample working capital at their disposal and valuable connections in this country and abroad.

**BLUE BIRD MOTOR CO. (1924), LIMITED**

This Company was formed on May 8th, 1924, with a capital of £175,000, and rapidly succeeded in popularising Blue Bird Petrol.

The following dividends have been paid: 8 per cent. per annum on the Preference Shares for the years ending June 30th, 1925, and June 30th, 1926, and 10 per cent. on the Preference Shares and 42 2-3rds per cent. on the Ordinary Shares for the year ending June 30th, 1927.

Profits earned to date are sufficient to permit the payment of a minimum dividend of 22½ per cent. on the Preference and 167 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares for the period of 18 months to 31st December, 1928.

These Dividends will be recommended by the Directors at the Shareholders' meeting to be held early in the New Year.

**BLUE BIRD OIL IMPORTERS, LIMITED**

This Company was formed on March 16th, 1927, with a capital of £200,000 for wholesale dealings in Blue Bird Petrol.

Owing to over-production of crude oil, this Company entered into advantageous long-term supply contracts for motor spirit.

It also has contracts in hand for the sale at home and abroad of a minimum of 34½ million gallons of petrol per annum, which represents a yearly profit in excess of £107,000.

On September 30th, 1927, a dividend was paid at the yearly rate of 18 per cent. on the Ordinary and 88 per cent. on the Deferred Shares. Profits earned to date are sufficient to permit the payment of a minimum dividend of 30 per cent. on the Ordinary and 127 per cent. on the Deferred Shares for the period of 15 months to 31st December, 1928.

These dividends will be recommended by the Directors at the Shareholders' meeting to be held early in the New Year.

**BLUE BIRD PETROL, LIMITED**

This Company was formed on October 17th, 1928, with a capital of £310,000 for the purpose of retailing Blue Bird Petrol, principally through a system of fixed and portable pumps. Its programme was based upon the installation in the British Isles of 1,000 pumps with an average weekly turnover of 300 gallons per pump. Actual applications, however, have reached a total of nearly 5,000 pumps. This has permitted the Directors to select for primary consideration installations with a guaranteed minimum turnover of not less than 600 gallons per pump weekly, which represents an assured annual turnover of more than 20 million gallons of petrol.

Under the terms of its supply contract this Company receives a fixed minimum net profit of 14d. per gallon sold, which on the above turnover represents a minimum profit from the British pump service alone of over £120,000 per annum.

Since its incorporation, this Company has acquired the exclusive European licence and control of a secret process of proved merit whereby ordinary motor spirit is instantly converted into a petrol of high quality.

This Company has sold its foreign rights for a consideration of £210,000 in fully-paid shares, and furthermore participates in the profits on foreign sales to the extent of a minimum of 1d. per gallon sold. On the basis of the minimum turnover secured by the foreign contracts in hand, the net income from this source will amount to an additional £20,000 in the first year, with substantial yearly increases.

Proposals are under consideration for the formation of subsidiary companies, which will operate under licences in Ireland, Scotland and other British areas.

**BLUE BIRD PETROL (FOREIGN), LIMITED**

This Company was formed on November 27th, 1928, with a capital of £265,000, for the sale of Blue Bird Petrol on the Continent of Europe.

Under its supply contract it is assured of a fixed minimum net profit of 14d. per gallon sold and has contracts in hand covering the sale abroad of not less than 19½ million gallons of petrol for the first year, increasing to 30½ million gallons per annum for the third, fourth and fifth years. It will be seen that this source will in itself produce a net profit of over £100,000 for the first year, increasing to £158,000 per annum for the third, fourth and fifth years.

This Company has made arrangements for the retailing of Blue Bird Petrol abroad by a free pump system, applications for over 3,000 pumps having already been received.

It has, furthermore, acquired the exclusive Continental European control of the secret process above referred to. The far-reaching importance of this licence is best emphasised by the fact that a contract has just been signed for the sale of the Spanish and Portuguese licences for the sum of 6 million pesetas (£200,000) in cash. Overtures have also been received from a European Government for the sale of the licence to that country, and negotiations are now pending.

The Blue Bird Group of Companies is expanding at a particularly favourable moment, the Petroleum Industry having been greatly strengthened by the effective co-operation of the leading Companies on both sides of the Atlantic after years of extreme competition. Already the price of petrol has risen and prices for petroleum products and oil shares should promptly rise, and remain at, the higher levels which prevailed prior to 1926, thereby enhancing correspondingly the prospects of the Blue Bird Companies both as to income and capital appreciation.

The Directors anticipate being in a position to acquire a holding of not less than 51 per cent. in Blue Bird Motor Co. (1924), Limited, and Blue Bird Oil Importers, Limited, which will necessitate a capital outlay of £469,455, but they will not dispose of their own shares in these two Companies except for the purpose of completing such 51 per cent. From these holdings alone the Company will receive a minimum of £75,811 in dividends on or before 31st March, 1929, but in view of further important developments now pending and the profits that will accrue to the Company from the employment of the remainder of its capital in the shares of the Blue Bird Companies, the Directors conservatively estimate being able to recommend for the first year a dividend of not less than 15 per cent.

The proceeds of this issue, after payment of preliminary expenses and underwriting commissions, will be available as working capital and are considered by the Directors as ample for the Company's purposes. Copies of Contracts and the Memorandum and Articles of Association may be seen at the offices of the Solicitors to the Company at any time during business hours whilst the subscription list remains open.

Applications for shares should be made upon the form accompanying this Prospectus and sent to the Company's Bankers, together with the amount payable on application. Where no allotment is made the application money will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than the number applied for the surplus will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment, and any balance remaining returned to the applicant.

Interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum will be charged on instalments in arrear, and failure to pay any instalment on the due date will render previous payments and the shares liable to forfeiture.

A brokerage of 3d. per two shares will be paid by the Company on all shares allotted in respect of applications bearing the stamps of Stockbrokers and Bankers or approved Agents.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company and from the Company's Bankers, Brokers and Solicitors.

Dated the 11th December, 1928.

FORM OF APPLICATION 48

**BLUE BIRD HOLDINGS, LIMITED**

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917).

**SHARE CAPITAL - £750,000**

DIVIDED INTO

**1,500,000 Ordinary Shares of 10s. each.**

**Offer of 1,500,000 Ordinary Shares of 10s. each**

To the Directors, BLUE BIRD HOLDINGS, LIMITED,  
25/31 Moorgate, London, E.C.2

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of 1s. per Share payable on application at par for..... Ordinary Shares of 10s. each in the above-named Company, I/we request you to allot to me/us that number of Shares, and I/we hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that you may allot to me/us upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I/we undertake to pay the amounts due respectively on allotment and on 31st January, 1929, in respect of such Ordinary Shares as provided by the said Prospectus, and I/we authorise you to place my/our name(s) on the Register of Members of the Company in respect of the Shares allotted to me/us.

Usual Signature .....

Surname (in Block Letters) .....

Christian Name(s) .....

Address (in full) .....

Date..... 1928

Occupation .....

(If a Lady, state whether Married, Widow or Spinster)

This Form must be filled up and sent with remittance to the Company's Bankers, MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, Head Office, 5 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2, and Branches.

Cheques must be made payable to "Bearer" and crossed "Not Negotiable," and the alteration to "Bearer" must be initialed.

No receipt will be issued for deposit on application, but an acknowledgment will be forwarded in due course, either by Allotment Letter or by return of deposit.



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THE PROFESSION."**

—The Hon. Mr. JUSTICE McCARDIE.

THE  
**ENGLISH REVIEW**

1/- December, 1928. 1/-

**Correspondence—In Defence of Prohibition—Poland  
and Lithuania—Armistice Day and  
Pacifism—Capital Punishment**

**Current Comments**

**Notes from Paris**

GEORGE ADAM

**Protection and Nationalization**

EDMUND C. A. CHURCH

**The Labour Party Conference**

"TRADE UNIONIST"

**Lord Curzon**

J. D. GREGORY, C.B., C.M.G.

**Greece and King Constantine**

Admiral MARK KERR, C.B., M.V.O.

**Roumania**

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